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The Sketch

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long after
the Price
is Forgotten



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THE PREMIER CHIANTI WINE

30 HIGHEST AWARDS AND GOLD MEDALS.

YOU CAN FACE THE WINTER WITH CONFIDENCE
if you will make use of LA-ROLA daily. Then your complexion will become more alluring and brilliant as the wintry winds blow upon it. The girl who regularly uses

BEETHAMS La-rola

(as pre-war)

is easily distinguished from those whom winter "does not suit." Her delicate peach-like bloom is natural because LA-ROLA feeds and nourishes the skin in a natural way, and prevents all chaps and rashes.

From all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 6d.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM



My hair has been beautifully wavy for months.

Every lady who has her hair permanently waved at Stewarts tells her friends, and invariably they follow her example.

"Stewart" Permanent Waving remoulds the hair, making it exactly like naturally wavy hair and the wave will last for three to six months, according to growth.

Every time the hair is shampooed, the beauty of the waving is enhanced and will remain perfect in any atmosphere, whether in heated Ball Rooms or out of doors in rainy weather.

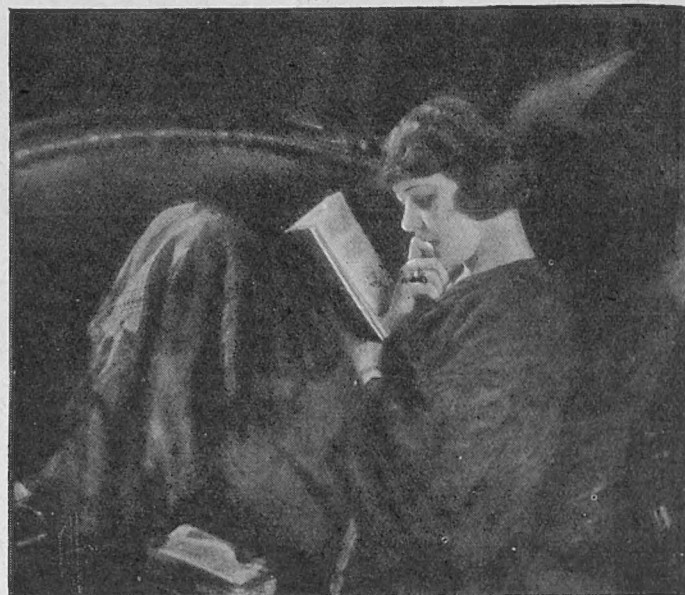
Send a Postcard to-day, asking for our "Permanent Waving" Booklet. This will give you full information.

"Stewart" True-to-Nature Transformations, Toupets, Curls, etc., enable Milady to greatly improve her coiffure. Catalogue on request.

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She Doesn't Know

To-day she is unblemished; her step is light and quick, her smile is gay, her teeth gleam with the white of polished pearls. A fig, then, for to-morrow!

Yet even now those precious charms are threatened by Pyorrhea and she doesn't know her danger.

If your gums are tender or bleed easily, go at once to your dentist for tooth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

If used consistently and used in time, Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea or check it in its course. An excellent dentifrice, it keeps the teeth white and clean and the gums pink and healthy.

Brush Your Teeth with Forhan's For the Gums—How to Use It. Place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on a wet brush, then brush your teeth up and down. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush.

Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

Or send 2/6 for large sized tube to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4





THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1561—Vol. CXX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



ENGAGED: THE HON. JOAN
DICKSON-POYNDER AND

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR EDWARD
GRIGG, M.P.

The announcement of the engagement of the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, only child of Lord and Lady Islington, and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edward Grigg, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., M.P. for Oldham, was made the other day. Sir Edward Grigg is the son of the late Mr. Henry Bidewell Grigg, C.I.E., I.C.S. During the war he served with the Grenadiers, and won the D.S.O. and M.C. He was Military Secre-



tary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his visits to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and was Private Secretary to Mr. Lloyd George when he was Prime Minister in 1921. Miss Dickson-Poynder is well known and very popular in Society. During the war she went to France to nurse in a Red Cross hospital at the age of eighteen. Subsequently she worked with the French Army in the field.

Photographs by Yevonde and Elliott and Fry.

Tishy Caricatured by a Living Horse!

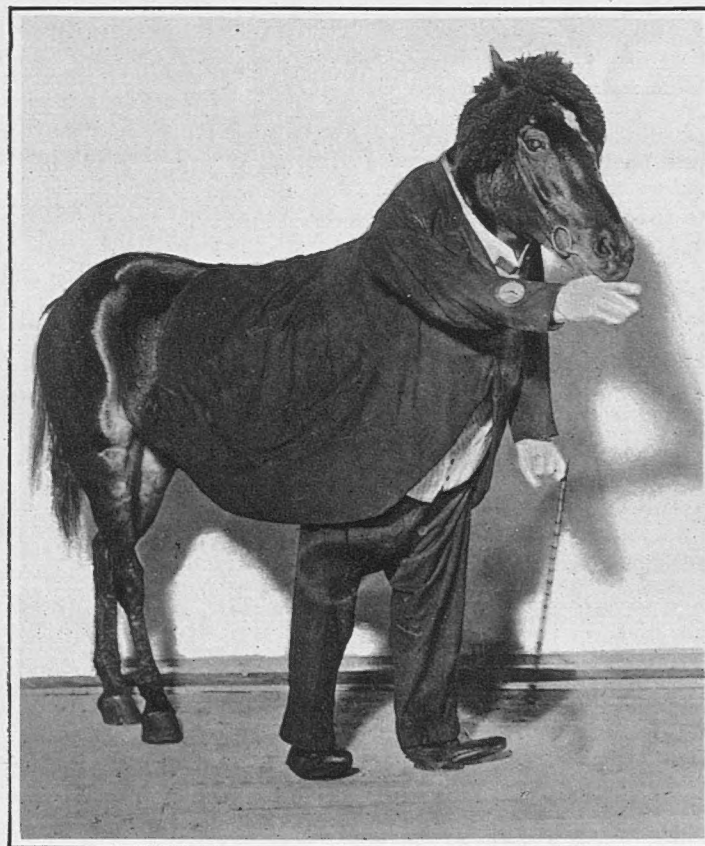


"WHAT DOES TISHY DO?" DICK (THE PERFORMING HORSE) CROSSES HIS LEGS!



DICK DOES A CHARLIE CHAPLIN WALK: A NOVEL TURN IN THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME.

Dick—the performing horse who imitates the Charlie Chaplin walk, "takes off" Tishy, the much-caricatured racehorse, by crossing its legs at the word of command, and does various other amusing "stunts"—is one of the most original features of "Robinson Crusoe," the Lyceum pantomime, due for production at the matinée on Saturday, Dec. 23. The animal (trained by Mr. Dan Cleary) is a first-class comedian, and



CONSULTING HIS WRIST-WATCH: DICK USES HIS DUMMY ARMS, IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

will suggest to some Mr. Jack B. Yeats' famous creation, "Signor M'Coy," although he is much better looking! "Robinson Crusoe" promises to be a splendid show in the traditional pantomime style. The strong cast includes the Brothers Egbert, Mr. G. H. Asquin, as Mrs. Crusoe; Miss Nancey Benyon, as Robinson Crusoe; and Miss Dainty Doris as Pretty Polly Perkins.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

THE JOTTINGS OF JANE

• Being • Sunbeams • out • of • Cucumbers •

Some Parties. A Merry Christmas to everybody, and let Jane tell you news of some of the season's festivals. From Scotland comes news of the glad home-coming of Lady Margaret Scott, who has been at Mombasa. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch organised a splendid series of entertainments at Bowhill. Nearly all their very large number of relations are said to be there, and are to stay till about the tenth of January, when all Scotland, of course, goes to the Buccleuch Hunt Ball, one of the important functions of the Scottish winter.



1. Angela feels domesticated and Dickens-like as Christmas approaches. She is determined to make wonderful Christmas puddings and give them round to all her friends. She has an old cookery book with a wonderful recipe which begins, "Take 32 eggs and a keg of best brandy."

The Duke is, I think, our only sailor Duke, if the saying is true, "Once a sailor, always a sailor." He spent nine years in the senior service, besides somehow managing a few terms at "The House," Oxford. After that, while his father was alive, he stood for Parliament, and was Unionist Member for Roxburghshire. His mother, the late Duchess, was a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, and was a great friend of the Queen, to whom she was Mistress of the Robes.

The present Duchess is related to Lord Lascelles, being a daughter of the fourth Earl of Bradford. Lord Dalkeith, the eldest son and heir, is in the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and is, I hear, spending the Christmas and New Year with his parents and the rest of his family.

The present Lady Hampden is a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch—which joins them to another ducal family, as Lord Hampden's mother is a Cavendish, a niece of the seventh Duke of Devonshire.

And the Duke of Montrose (was there ever such a beautiful title?) is also tied closely to the Buccleuchs through his daughter, who married Cameron of Lochiel (and surely not in all language lives a name more romantic!), whose mother was Lady Margaret Scott, a

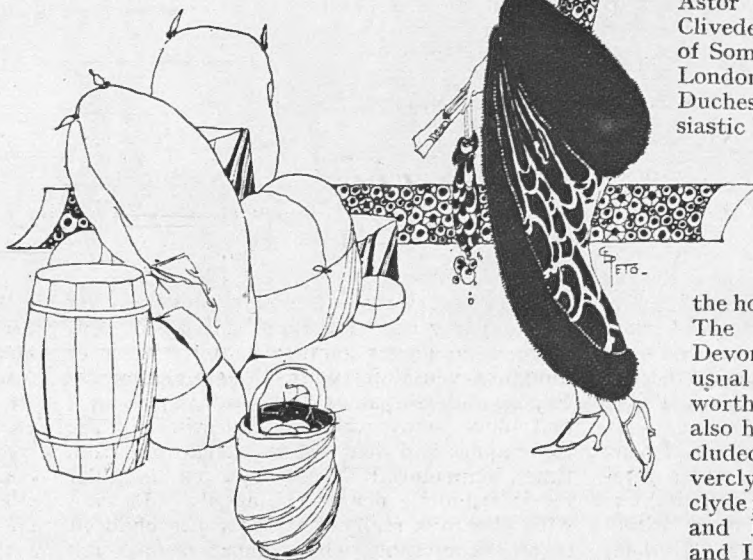
daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. Cameron of Lochiel is, like Lord Dalkeith, a Grenadier Guardsman—or rather, was, for he retired to raise and command a battalion of Cameron Highlanders.

Another kinsman of the Duke of Buccleuch is Lord Lothian, whose mother was Lady Victoria Scott. Then his younger brothers—of whom one, Lord Francis Scott, married Lady Eileen Minto; another, Lord George Scott, married Lady Elizabeth Manners, which unites him to yet another ducal family; and his youngest brother, Lord Henry, unmarried, is another distinguished soldier, who commanded a battalion of Royal Fusiliers during the war, and is now a director of the Bank of Scotland—will all probably spend part of the holidays at Bowhill. Following ancient traditions, however, the greatest celebrations will be in connection with New Year's Day.

A Christmas Week Wedding.

On Wednesday, St. Margaret's, Westminster, was the scene of a very pretty wedding—that of Sir John Dashwood, Bt., of West Wycombe, to Miss Helen Eaton. The bride, in her conventional satin gown with its girdle of pearls and diamanté, made a charming picture, and the old lace veil she wore I hear has belonged to the Dashwood family for many generations, and now actually belongs to Mrs. Sturgis, who lent it for the occasion.

The bridesmaids were very attractive in their picture dresses of silver and lace, their little silver lace caps with pearls proving most becoming. The chief bridesmaid was Miss Evelyn Eaton, the bride's sister, who walked with the bridegroom's sister, Miss Helen Dashwood. They were followed by Miss Jean and Miss Isabel Beckwith, Lady Sheila Scott (Lady Clonmell's daughter) and Miss Hester Astley (Lord Hastings' daughter), Miss Valerie and Miss Louise Domville, Miss Kathleen Charles, and two little Gainsborough-picture pages, Master Martin and Master Guy McLaren, who looked very delighted with the whole arrangement—particularly with the proximity of the younger bridesmaids, who were living personifications of Caroline beauties in their silver daintiness.



3. Though it must be admitted she feels a little overwhelmed when she comes home from a party and finds the pile of ingredients.



Other Christmas Parties. Other Christmas parties are all more or less confined to family. Lord and Lady Londonderry are at Wynyard, their place near



2. So she orders all these things from the Stores.

Stockton-on-Tees. Lord Balfour has gone to Whittingehame, where he will probably remain for some weeks. Lord and Lady Ancaster have a lot of young people at Grims-thorpe Castle, where they expect to stay till well over the New Year holidays. Lord and Lady Illingworth are at their Yorkshire seat, Denton. Lord and Lady Astor and their family are at Cliveden. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset—who have been in London a good deal lately, as the Duchess is a particularly enthusiastic worker for charity, and has much to do always towards the end of the financial year to make her various schemes meet their obligations—have gone to spend

the holidays at Maiden Bradley. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire now have their usual family party at Chatsworth, though last week they also had another party that included, among others, Lady Inverclyde, her son, Lord Inverclyde; Captain Bingham, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Pembroke and their daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert, who have now, however,

returned to Wilton to assemble all their own young people. Lord and Lady Savile, who spent some time in London doing their Christmas shopping, have returned to Rufford Abbey, their beautiful home in "the Dukeries," where their only child is surely one of the lucky little men of the world at Christmas time. He has been very seriously ill lately, and they were very frightened, but, mercifully, he is now quite well again. The terror it must have been! An only child—and the heir to so much, though it must be equally tragic being

health has been a worry to him, and he feels, very naturally, that it is time he brought her to her own British environment for a while, where she can enjoy the irresponsible years of girlhood. Rumour says that soon after Lord and Lady Crewe are installed at the Embassy, the King and Queen may announce their intention of visiting Paris.

By the way, I hear that Mr. Eric Phipps has returned to the Embassy in Paris from the one at Brussels, and Colonel Vivien (who was Military Attaché) has retired altogether.

Lady Anglesey.

Lady Anglesey was the dance hostess of the week in London. Like all the Mannors, she has a gift for entertaining, and her house at Carlton House Terrace, with its big rooms and broad staircase, was neither too crowded nor too empty on Monday night.

Lord and Lady Anglesey are so delighted with their son and heir that it is small wonder they take the earliest possible opportunity of giving vent to their joy. Many people consider Lady Anglesey one of London's loveliest women, with her great dark eyes, her little, well-poised head, and her dainty well-modelled hands and feet. She is considerably smaller than her two younger sisters, Lady Violet Benson and Lady Diana Cooper, and is very domesticated, preferring life in the country, particularly in Wales, to the eternal round of social pleasures nearer London.

Lord Anglesey (who is the sixth Marquess) soldiered with the "Blues" till he reached the rank of captain, and is now in the Reserve of Officers. His brother, Lord Victor Paget (who lately married Miss Bridget Colebrooke) was his heir up to the date of his son's birth; and his eldest daughter, Lady Alexandra Paget, was the heiress to the Barony of Paget, which dates from the early half of the sixteenth century.

Prince George. Of course, all Society was worried by the announcement that Prince George was to be operated on for appendicitis, and was exceedingly glad to hear of success. He danced so happily so often lately, and his splendid spirit will be a help to him. He was supposed to be our "naughty Prince" as a child; and was there ever yet a naughty little boy who did not win our hearts?

One of the most kind traits of the Queen is her interest in all the children on the Sandringham estate at Christmas time.

With the King, her Majesty often visits the tenants in person, distributing well-chosen gifts with gracious charm and obvious delight in her self-imposed mission. The Royal Christmas party will be in every respect similar to every other family party at great country houses. But there is no longer a nursery, and, like other humans, even Majesty must long for an excuse to play childish games and wear paper caps, and blow penny whistles, and wind up the toy engines and float the toy fleets that from time immemorial have kept us humbler mortals a little nearer the angels. Playing with the toys really meant for the children is an occupation which most people fall to if the opportunity to do so comes their way—as it is apt to do at Christmas.

The Latest Engagement.

And just before Christmas everyone was interested in the announcement of the engagement of Lord and Lady Islington's only child to an "honourable and gallant" member of Parliament—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Grigg, who was Military Secretary to the Prince of Wales on two tours. His bride-to-be is a perfectly charming girl, and in spite of her youth has a fine record of service behind her, for she went out to nurse in France during the war, and was subsequently with the French Army in the field. Best of luck to the happy pair.

Hunting Gossip.

A good many of us are hoping earnestly for a "green" Christmas, for my correspondents include a number of people who are enjoying hunting. From the Whaddon Chase I hear that it was with considerable delight that the members of the Whaddon Chase pack welcomed the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to their midst the other day. The Earl of Orkney, now quite recovered from his recent spill, was in charge of the field once more, accompanied by his handsome daughter, Lady Mary Fitzmaurice. The meet was at Hoggston Guide Post, and hounds were quickly laid on the neighbouring Christmas Gorse, which rarely fails to provide sport. This was quickly forthcoming with a vengeance, no fewer than three brace of foxes being roused up. Hounds chopped the first one, and then went off at a rare pace after its companion, which made for the road to Swanbourne. Crossing the Winslow road, however, it was headed off by the large number of motors and other vehicles that had assembled, so that it had to wheel in its tracks and dash back to its original lurking place. It was hunted out of this by the eager pack, however, and it got away at a great pace towards the Whitchurch road, which it crossed. Hounds were well away from the field by this time, and the pace was a rasper as Reynard tried to get to earth at Dernton. Foiled here, it made for Hoggston village, where hounds caught it after a breathless dash of close upon half an hour. Sport continued good until late in the afternoon, when failing light caused a halt to be called after a fox had got to earth in Addington Park.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

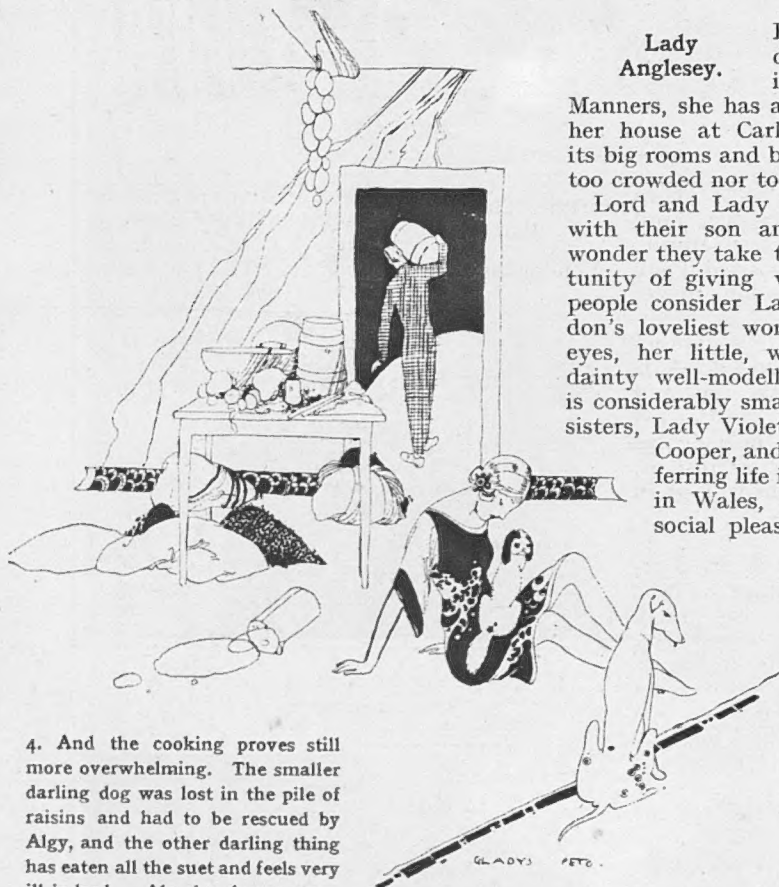
4. And the cooking proves still more overwhelming. The smaller darling dog was lost in the pile of raisins and had to be rescued by Algy, and the other darling thing has eaten all the suet and feels very ill indeed. Algy has borne away the brandy, too. He says it must not be wasted.

an only child to the most impoverished nobodies! The *loving* it is that hurts so much—not the weighing of the worldly inheritance.

In London. Mrs. "Ronnie" Greville's dance was, of course, the topic in London last week. All the boys and girls were there, and the Prince of Wales and both his brothers, enjoying dancing more than ever. Among those who dined with Mrs. Greville first were Lady Linlithgow, Lord and Lady Cranborne, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Evelyn Guinness, Lord Ilchester, and Miss Alex. Cavendish. Mrs. Greville wore the purple ribbon of her D.B.E.—a becoming one in her case, over a white gown, though it is quite hopeless to try to make it "go" with any other colour whatsoever. She has now gone to spend Christmas in the sun at Monte Carlo, before travelling farther afield to South Africa for the rest of the winter.

Another wise mortal who has chosen to spend the Yuletide in a land of orange-blossom and mimosa—though even at Monte Carlo it doesn't actually bloom for another month or more—is Sir Sidney Greville, Lord Warwick's brother, who has been ill for some time, and looks to the sunshine to set him right again. His innumerable friends hope to find him his old self by the time they have finished their own after-Christmas *malaise* and joined him at the Cercle Privé.

In Paris. Meanwhile, in Paris, I hear that everyone gave a farewell party to Lord Hardinge and his daughter. In that land of frivol they like their British Ambassadors to be conventionally dignified, and no one has pleased them more than the retiring Ambassador. But his daughter's



REGISTRY
OFFICE
FREE
TO SERVANTS
LADIES

NOTICE
NO LADY MAY
ENGAGE A SER-
VANT UNTIL THE
FEE IS PAID.



5. So Angela hies her to the registry office to engage a first-class cook. Here a new trouble awaits her—which are the cooks and which are the ladies? What is she to do?



Composer, Actor, and Film Star: A Versatile Young Man.



TO PLAY JUVENILE LEAD FOR MR. D. W. GRIFFITH: MR. IVOR NOVELLO
IN "THE MAN WITHOUT DESIRE."



AS AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GALLANT:
MR. IVOR NOVELLO.



AS HIMSELF: MR. IVOR NOVELLO, THE YOUNG COMPOSER, ACTOR,
AND FILM STAR.



IN THE NEW ADRIAN BRUNEL FILM PRODUCED IN VENICE:
MR. IVOR NOVELLO AND MISS NINA VANNA.

Mr. Ivor Novello is one of the most gifted and versatile young men of the moment. His musical successes include "Theodore and Co.," "Arlette," "Tabs," "Who's Hooper?" "The Golden Moth," and "A to Z," none of which has run less than eight months; his stage appearances number rôles in "The Yellow Jacket" and "Spanish Lovers"; and his screen parts include the leading rôle in "The Call of the Blood,"

with Phyllis Neilson Terry; and "The Bohemian Girl," with Gladys Cooper. Mr. Ivor Novello has recently been "shot" (the American term for film photography) in Venice in "The Man Without Desire," and is now under contract to play juvenile lead in seven Griffith super-films in America. Mr. Griffith saw Mr. Novello last summer, and asked who he was, exclaiming, "What a fine film face!" His engagement as juvenile lead resulted.

Mrs. Tanqueray Takes a Rest.

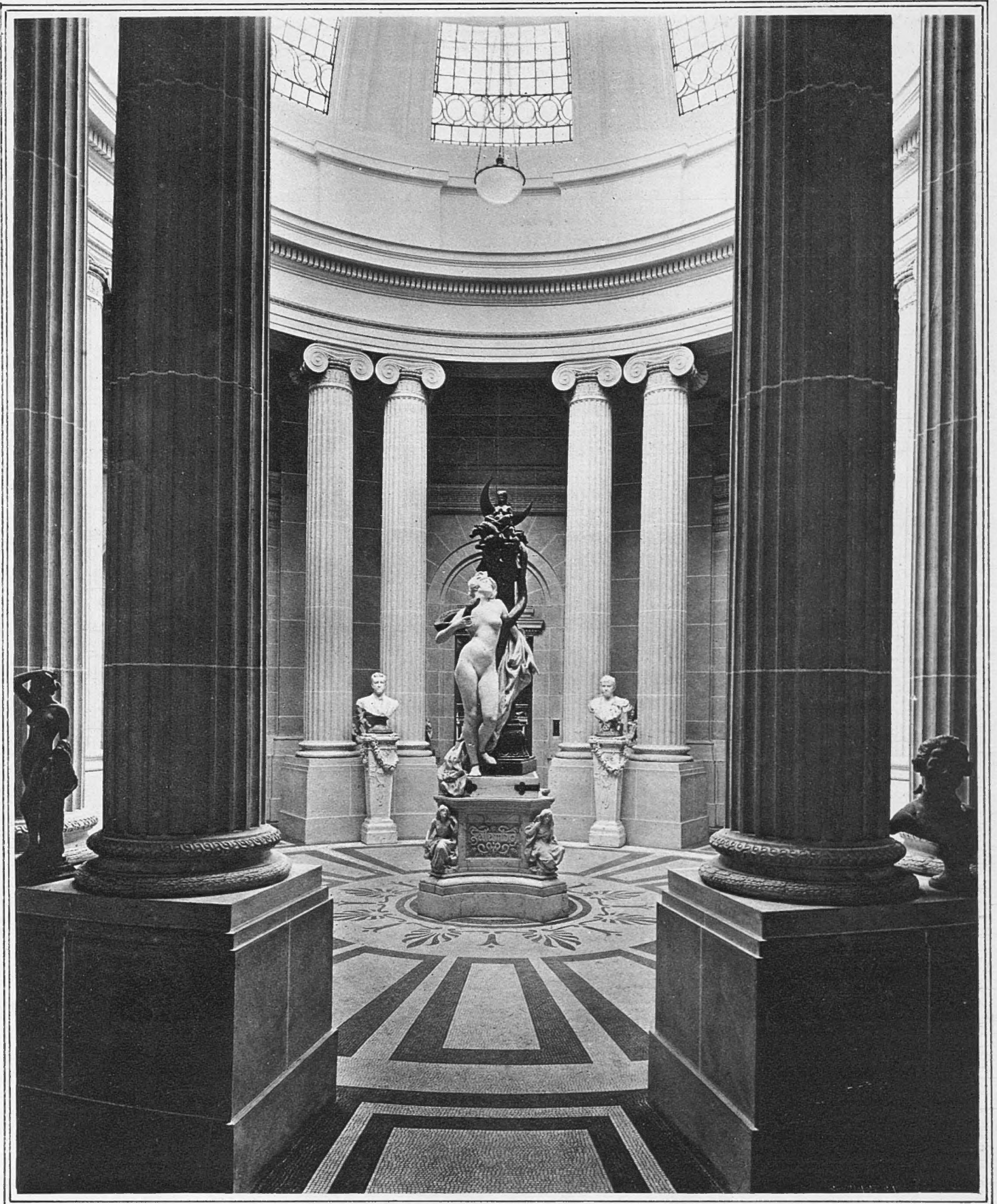


ONE OF OUR LOVELIEST AND MOST FINISHED ACTRESSES: MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Miss Gladys Cooper's performance in the revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" ranks among the great dramatic achievements of this year. In playing the part created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Cooper has proved herself to be a tragic and emotional actress of fine calibre. But to play such a rôle as Paula Tanqueray for month after month is a tremendous strain, as it is undoubtedly one of the "parts

that kill," as Miss Cooper herself recently described such rôles in a newspaper article; and no one need be surprised at the announcement that she intends to take a good rest before reappearing. She can, however, look back on this year as having set the seal of success on her career, and definitely won her the title of one of the great tragic actresses of the day.—[Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.]

Salammbô at Port Sunlight.



SHOWING ONE OF THE CIRCULAR SCULPTURE HALLS: THE LADY LEVER ART GALLERY.

Princess Beatrice opened the Lady Lever Art Gallery, at Port Sunlight, which Viscount Leverhulme, ever a benefactor, has dedicated to the memory of his helpmate, and given as a trust to those who work with him at Port Sunlight. The building is of a simple classic design, by the brothers Owen, of Warrington, and covers an acre of the reclaimed land from the estuary on which Port Sunlight stands. The King laid the foundation-stone in 1914, and the contents are a magnificent bequest. The many hundreds of pictures include examples of the work

of great masters of every date and school. Romney, Rubens, Titian, Millais, Hoppner, Constable, Holman Hunt, and countless others are represented. There is some fine sculpture in the two circular sculpture halls (each with a domed light) which form attractive entrances. Our illustration shows one of these, with the Salammbô group in the centre. A magnificent collection of Chinese porcelain, good examples of Wedgwood, and a collection of English furniture are other features of the gallery.

A Family Study.



WITH SON AND DAUGHTER: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.

The Marquess of Tavistock is the only child of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. He was born in 1888, and in 1914 married Miss Louisa Crommelin Roberta Jowitt Whitwell, the daughter of Mr. Robert Jowitt Whitwell, of Thornbury Road, Oxford. Lord and Lady

Tavistock have two children, a boy and a girl, who are shown with them in our photograph. Lord Howland was born in 1917, and his sister, Lady Daphne Crommelin Russell, in 1920. Lord and Lady Tavistock live at Warblington House, Havant.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

DANCING AT BANBURY AND HUNTING NEXT



AT THE AFTER-THE-BALL MEET AT WROXTON: MRS. GAGE (L) AND MRS. MACHELL.



THE HOUSE-PARTY AT WROXTON ABBEY: LORD NORTH, MAJOR THE MR. F. FITZGERALD, MAJOR GREENLEES, CAPTAIN LIDDLE,



AT THE BANBURY BALL: L. TO R., BACK ROW—MR. CECIL BEATON, MR. ANTHONY BOUNNER, MAJOR ARTHUR DILLON; AND SEATED—MISS PEGGY BROADBENT, MRS. ARTHUR DILLON, AND MISS SHELAGH BOUNNER.



AT THE WROXTON ABBEY MEET: MISS DE MR. W. TEELING, AND

A great many people appeared at the meet at Wroxton who professed to have had exactly three hours in bed, after getting home from the Banbury Ball in the winter dawn. Many congratulations to the Ball Committee on a great success; and it was followed by a great hunting success—seventy minutes of the best, and a kill in the open. It was a thrilling moment when the huntsman himself viewed the fox in a turnip-field at Wroxton. Away the fox went, with hounds close to him, through the keeper's covert, over the brook below, up the hill beyond, left-handed round the Wroxton demesne, through Drayton village, crossing the high road near Banbury, bearing left-handed the far

DAY: SOCIETY IN ENERGETIC MOOD.



HON. C. N. AND MRS. PRITTIE, COLONEL AND MISS DOVLE, MISS GASCOIGNE, MR. T. GAISFORD ST. LAWRENCE, AND MR. W. TEELING.



THE UNITED HUNTS BALL AT BANBURY: MR. B. N. GIBBONS, THE HON. MOIRA PLUNKET, AND MR. RONALD CROSS.



TRAFFORD, LADY VICTORIA DE TRAFFORD, MISS EILEEN FITZGERALD.



L. TO R.—MR. G. EMMETT, MR. M. FENWICK, MR. T. EMMETT, MR. G. WORTHINGTON, MR. T. MEYRICK, MR. P. PLOWDEN; AND FRONT—LADY VICTORIA FEILDING, MISS B. GARLAND, MISS A. EMMETT, LADY DIANA KING, AND MISS M. DUGDALE.

side of Hanwell, over the dread brook, left-handed again up the next hill, with Page's Gorse on the right, over the turnpike again to the left of White's Bushes, down the hill, and across the next valley, heading for Horley; over the Hornton-Horley Road, into Horlèy Vineyard, back over the road down on to last season's point-to-point course—and then "who-whoop!" in the open the veteran dies! Lord Willoughby, who was in command, lost no time in drawing again: a fox went away quickly from White's Bushes, turning towards Edge Hill, then coming over the high road, and sinking the valley at Arlescote; he turned back, when half-way to Bitham, and the hounds bowled him over under the hill near Arlescote.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Paris Very Lively.

Christmas has, of course, meant a lot of people going over to Paris—more people, perhaps, than at any holiday time since the hectic period of 1919. It is said that after a war Paris gives herself more license, while London submits to still further restriction. Probably it does work out like that; and certainly at the moment Paris is keeping very late hours; many new cabarets have sprung up, and at the theatres devoted to spectacle and revue there is an epidemic outbreak of abandon in the matter of exhibiting the female form. Some of the displays, I am told, are truly staggering.

It may be that the average Englishman who goes to Paris is on holiday, and that his mind is unhampered by thoughts of getting to the office in the morning. But this is certain—the Paris climate is more sympathetic towards late hours and little sleep than that of London. I met a middle-aged man of affairs who an hour before had landed back from a four days' visit to the Paris of the restaurants and the theatres, and the business quarter as well. He told me he had been up every night until 5 a.m.; but his eye was bright, his whole manner was more alert and alive than when I had seen him last, and, without doubt, he was far more disposed than usual to laugh and be merry.

He told me that on his last morning in Paris he had an important business appointment at 9.30 a.m. But, in spite of being up so late, his mind was clear—abnormally clear, so he thought—and he carried through the deal because he felt what was for him a new feeling of dash and *bonhomie*. That sounds like a Christmas story, but that is how it was told to me.

The Cabaret in the Cellar.

All the famous restaurants were doing well, he said. The Perroquet was the fashionable and expensive night haunt; and when, early in the morning, you left there for your hotel the taxi-driver would charge you twenty-five or thirty francs if you would let him. If you walked a little way down the street you could get a cab for the same journey for ten francs.

A new bar that the world seemed to be crowding to was Jelli's, a place run by a smiling Italian, who, of course, makes everyone drink champagne. There was also a quaint cabaret in a cellar, the Caveau, where you could find women of society in sables and diamonds crowded against *grisettes* in 100-franc dresses, all listening to artists who may be weird, but have undoubted talent.

Maurice the dancer, so well known in London, is too ill to dance just now, but his brother has a successful place; and the dancing craze appears to be keener in Paris than ever it was.

He Didn't Bounce.

Whenever I come upon Mr. Lewis Sydney I ask him for a story, recalling the inexhaustible fund he possessed when he was with poor Pelissier and "The Follies." Glad, joyous days, those! And, of course, half the value of each story lay in the crisp, dry way in which Lewis Sydney told it.

This is one of his newest yarns. A heavy-weight actor was called upon in a new piece to leap from a stage cliff to a piece of ground that was hidden behind the scenes. A stalwart super was engaged to wait there to catch him as he landed.

The moment arrived for the leap. The actor looked, saw the super waiting, and jumped with confidence. It was no small leap.



A STAR WITH A FEATHERED "TAIL": MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH IN "DIVORCE COUPONS."

Miss Corinne Griffith, the famous Vitagraph film star, is featured in "Divorce Coupons," an important release for the New Year. Our photograph illustrates the fascinations of fantastic dress as handled on the silent stage.

But as he descended the super stepped back. The actor was doubled up with the impact.

"Why didn't you catch me?" he shouted angrily.

"I would have done," replied the super, "but you didn't bounce."

Mr. Ivor Novello's Farewell.

When Miss Dorothy Dickson, whose beauty and graceful dancing seem to have become one of the settled attractions at the Winter Garden Theatre, gave her delightful house-warming party at her new home in Chesterfield Street, and Miss Gertie Millar was persuaded to sing her old-time successes "Keep Off the Grass,"

from "The Toreador," and "Mary," from "Our Miss Gibbs" (what an artist Gertie Millar was!) and Miss Ethel Levey sang "How Do You Do, Miss Ragtime?" (a memory of the electrifying display she gave in the Hippodrome's first great revue), Mr. Ivor Novello also sang a farewell song before his departure for America.

Mr. Novello is quite versatile. He has a definite place as a composer of light opera music. Mr. Robert Loraine thought him worthy of an acting trial in a small part in "Debureau." He has a melodious singing voice. And his face and expression are undoubtedly an asset to the films. That master producer, Mr. D. W. Griffith, thinks so, and expects Mr. Novello to be the "find" of the new super-productions upon which he is at present engaged.

Many people at Miss Dorothy Dickson's party would have liked to hear Miss Ethel Levey's husband, Mr. Claude Grahame-White, sing again. He has only a light voice, suited to a drawing-room, but when he used to sing at parties a few years ago he managed it very cleverly and with admirable expression. He used to sing "Little Grey Home in the West" very agreeably indeed.

"Harry's" Cocktail Book.

"Harry," the popular and highly capable bar-tender at Ciro's Club, has written a booklet about cocktails. It will help a lot of people to know for the first time that his full name is Harry McElhone; and it is a fact that though "Harry" has worked and lived in New York, Enghien, Nice, and Deauville, his speech is as strongly Scotch as ever it was.

It is a valuable little book, contains over three hundred cocktail recipes, and, apart from "Harry's" own contributions, contains recipes invented by such skilled exponents of the craft as Johnny Leopold, Aix-les-Bains; Harry Johnson, New Orleans; "Robert," of the Embassy Club; Charlie Forrester, of Cannes; H. C. Harrison, of the Metropole; "Johnny," of the Chatham Bar, Paris; MacGarry, of Buck's Club; Al Oates, Savannah; and James C. Bennet, of the Broken Heart Café, St. Louis.

The author shows that he is a conscientious man and knows his subject when he says, "After all, most of the modern drinks, outside of the old standards, are only slight variations from the parent mixture and are obtained by the addition of a dash of this and a dash of that, and they are ephemeral." You can rely upon it, therefore, that all the recipes in this book are entitled to the distinction of a place. "Harry" would not put them in were they not worthy of it.

Here is the recipe for the "Bloodhound Cocktail" introduced to London a few years ago by the Duke of Manchester: one-third gin, one-third French vermouth, one-third Italian vermouth, two or three strawberries. Shake well and strain.

The Winter Sport Snapshot Season has Begun.



Lady Monica Dabble doing a difficult kick-turn in a blizzard. She is an ardent winter-sporter.



Lord Duffit is already an expert. He is the son of Lady Duffit, the wife of Earl Duffit, brother-in-law to Lady Duffit's only sister



Sir Antony Underproof, the famous brewer, & his family about to make a difficult ascent. Lady Underproof shrinks from nothing.



The member for East Norssounest finds relaxation from Parliamentary duties in the vigorous pursuit of winter-sports.



The Bishop of Boxminster giving his little daughter Pamela a skating lesson before breakfast.

With a B.C. Pedigree: Arabian Gazelle Hounds.



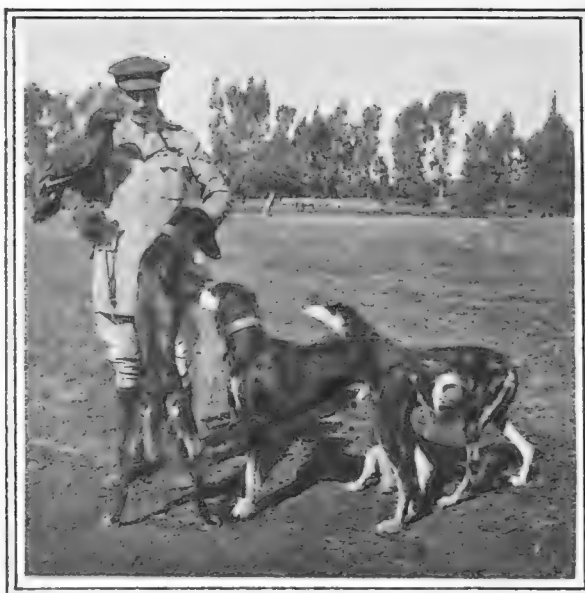
THE END OF THE CHASE: BRIGADIER-GENERAL LANCE'S ARABIAN GAZELLE HOUNDS IN PALESTINE.



DESCENDANTS OF A NOBLE LINE: SARONA KELB, SARONA SHERIF, AND SARONA SHAGGI (L. TO R.).



THE KENNELS AT WROTHAM: DINNER-TIME.



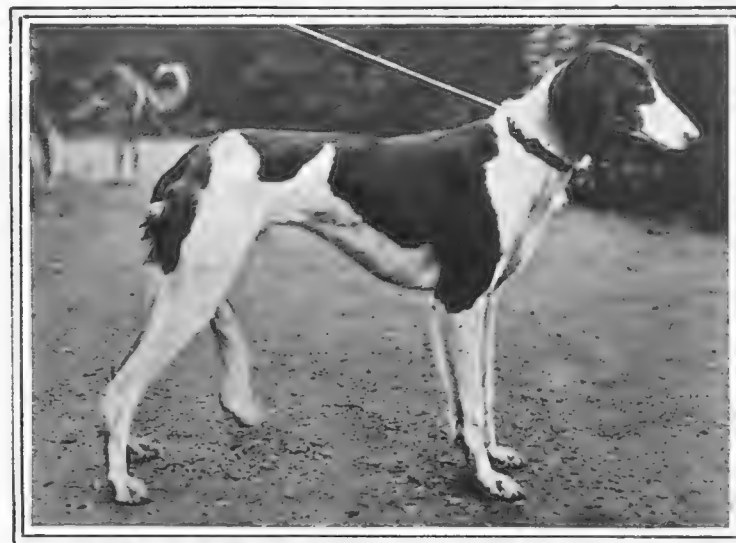
WITH SARONA KELB, SARONA TORR, SARONA ECHO, AND HIS TAME EAGLE: BRIGADIER-GENERAL LANCE.



GENERAL LANCE WITH SARONA KELB, SARONA SHERIF, AND SARONA HAGGI.



BRED AT BAALBEK: SARONA KELB, SIRE OF PRINCESS MARY'S SALUGHI.



A MAGNIFICENT CREATURE: SARONA SHERIF.

Brigadier-General F. A. Lance is responsible for introducing the beautiful Arabian gazelle hound, or Salughi, into this country. When in the East, he became interested in these dogs, and he finally succeeded in breeding Sarona-Kelb at Baalbek. This dog is one of the soundest hounds imported into this country, and possesses an ancestry dating back to the pre-dynastic period, 6000 B.C. Owing to the high esteem in which the Arabs hold the breed, the Salughi strain has been kept pure-bred throughout the ages, and the hounds to-day are similar in

type to those shown on the ancient potteries and stone fragments found by archæologists. The Salughi hounds are used, as in ancient times, for coursing gazelle, antelope, hares, foxes, and other animals, and our snapshot of Brigadier-General Lance after a day's sport in Palestine is of special interest. A first-class Salughi can bring down a gazelle unaided; but occasionally a hawk is used to assist in the chase. The prefix Sarona is used by the Wentfield Kennels, and has been brought into prominence on the show bench by the successes of Sarona Kelb.

Photographs by Illustrations.

The Wife of the Verderer of the New Forest.



ONE OF OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL PEERESSES: LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

Lady Montagu is the second wife of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., second Baron, and was formerly Miss Pearl Crake. She was married in 1920, and has a baby girl, the Hon. Anne Rachel Pearl Douglas-Scott-Montagu, born last year. Lord Montagu is a man of many interests. He is an A.I.C.E., an M.I.M.E., a Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, an F.R.G.S., the Verderer of the New Forest, and

a Member of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee. He was one of the pioneers of motoring, and founder and some-time editor of the "Car." During the war he did valuable work, both as C.O. of a Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, and later as a member of the War Aircraft Committee, and Adviser on Mechanical Transport Service to the Government of India.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]



Tales with a sting.

THE LETTER.

By HOLLOWAY HORN.

MRS. LLOYD MEREDITH swayed unsteadily in the dainty hall of her dainty little flat. At her feet, where she had dropped it, was a Burberry; in her hand, a sheet of mauve and scented note-paper; in her mind and soul, confusion, calamity, catastrophe.

With a great effort, she pulled herself together and re-read the perfumed message.

"MY DARLING" (the abominable creature had written), "I've just had your sweet letter. I haven't a moment to spare, as there is a wretched rehearsal at three, but Wednesday at seven at Maroni's will do. Get the little table under the stairs. We'll have the time of our young lives! I love you! I love you!! I love you!!!—SILVA."

That was all.

Poor little Mrs. Meredith was registering (as these amazing film people say) all kinds of emotions—rage, jealousy, anger, misery, tragedy. Apart from these, in her pink-and-white way, she was very beautiful. There was a hint of strength around her mouth, however, which made one wonder; but she was so pretty that a man might easily overlook the hint.

Suddenly she became calmer, replaced the letter in the pocket of the Burberry, and the garment itself in the hall cupboard. Then she went into the kitchen and asked Ada, the maid, to make her some tea. Thus fortified, she settled down to think things over in the now mockingly dainty drawing-room. On the top of a china-cabinet Jim had placed the bust of Dante that used to be in his bachelor flat. She suddenly hated Dante; he was so calm and smooth and cynical. She hated all men.

The blow had fallen with such appalling suddenness. Her husband's Burberry was the same colour as her own, and both were kept in the hall cupboard. She was in search of a bill which she had left in her own pocket, when she had put her hand by mistake in her husband's and found the letter.

"I love you! I love you!! I love you!!!" the creature had said. Three exclamation marks . . . to Jim, her husband—Jim, who had looked into her blue eyes only the evening before and quoted poetry about them!

Very softly, she began to cry. She attempted to recall the poetry, but failed. It was very beautiful, though.

The correct procedure for a carefully brought-up young lady in such a distressing predicament is to return to her mother. But little Mrs. Meredith was not going to do anything so idiotic; she had been too glad to escape from the maternal roof to go back, anyway. Besides which, she had no use at all for Victorian ideas. Poetry and all such nonsense were brushed aside.

Crossing to the glass, she regarded her reflection gravely and critically. She patted her hair and touched the tip of her nose daintily with a powder-puff that Jim—the wretch!—had given her, in the duckiest of vanity-bags.

The amended reflection did not altogether please her. There must be no more crying . . . just look at her eyes! She knew she was pretty, even if Jim had not told her so a thousand times before this man-snatcher had come along, and the knowledge was calming.

It was partly her fault, she reflected; she remembered an apposite novel she had just read. The heroine, a young married lady,

had been so confident of her husband that she had not . . . bothered. The other woman had bothered a great deal, and the result was a most interesting plot for the lucky novelist. Mrs. Meredith, too, had taken her husband too much for granted. Be that as it may, her little mouth was firm now. She was determined that the "creature" should not get away with Jim without a fight. Indeed, she was determined that she should not get away with him at all.

She had, naturally, completed her plan of campaign in its broad outlines before she began to think at all, but minor tactics still demanded consideration. Maroni's was an expensive little restaurant, where she had been several times with Jim. "The little table under the stairs" . . . she even knew the table, and had to crush down a new attack of choky feeling as the memory of the last time she had sat there with Jim came back to her.

An actress . . .

Even so, she would cross swords with her. She argued that the surprise would be so great for the other woman when she, the wife, appeared on the scene that she would be able to play her, actress that she was, off the stage. She would wear the new black frock that was coming in the morning from Lucette's, and her jade ear-rings. . . . "We'll have the time of our young lives." She would show them! A smile broke across her face. After all, she was going to give them a fairly hectic time—especially Jim!

When her husband returned that evening she was sweetness itself; not so much as by the flicker of an eyelid did she give away her secret or betray the gnawing in her soul. But the blue eyes watched him, in the light of the new knowledge, with the understanding of disillusion.

The frock came at the appointed time. A dream, a kiss on the tips of one's fingers wafted skyward, a poem of soft flowing lines . . .

Little Mrs. Meredith was never more confident in her life than when she stood in front of the mirror in her room and contemplated Lucette's handiwork on her own prepossessing person. Her fair hair—the colour of oaten straw in the late autumn, Jim had told her—eyes that one tactfully refrained from calling green, the jade ear-rings, and the frock made a picture to gladden the eyes of any man—a picture calculated to pull up an erring husband with a jolt, no matter how attractive the other woman.

At six-thirty on Wednesday evening Mrs. Meredith left the house, and at five minutes to the hour she entered Maroni's. The head waiter recognised her, and found her the table she wanted. From it she was able to command the door and the alcove under the stairs that the actress creature had mentioned in her letter.

"I am expecting my husband," she said. "I will wait."

"Madame!" the head waiter said, bowed and departed.

The excitement was exhilarating, colour tinged her cheeks. She was conscious of being at her very best, of ability to carry off any scene triumphantly.

The hour came, but in this respect it differed from Mr. Lloyd Meredith.

A quarter past.

She was watching the door anxiously. Suppose they had changed their plans!

But the table under the stairs was reserved. *Someone* was coming to it. Her heart was fluttering a little, but outwardly she was calm.

Half-past.

She was getting hungry. The waiter was hovering respectfully; she began to wonder if she should keep the table any longer.

Other ladies were glancing at her, wonderingly, as ladies will, if they have the least opportunity. Men can never "wonder" in quite such a maddening manner.

The table she was watching was now the only one in the room unoccupied. Every minute that passed made her more uncomfortable. She had never been alone in a restaurant at such an hour before. She had all but made up her mind to leave when the door opened, and an exceedingly pretty little brunette entered. For a moment Mrs. Meredith held her breath as she waited for the inevitable man to follow. He came . . . but he was not Jim. For a moment or so she was almost disappointed, but she pulled herself together.

All things considered, she would rather that it had been Jim, for young Jevons was about the last man in London she would want to find her there alone. He was a good-looking boy with wavy hair. She knew nothing else against him, however, and, in an elder-sister way, was very fond of him. He was with the same firm as Jim and, if he recognised her, was bound to mention her presence there to her husband. She had already made up her mind that there was a mistake somewhere, and determined to slip away unobserved if it were in any way possible. It would be too dreadful, after the awful half-hour she had passed through, to have to explain her presence in the restaurant.

Young Jevons was very interested in his little brunette, and Mrs. Meredith watched them seat themselves at the table in the alcove; watched the man lean forward, heard the tinkling, calculated laugh with which his companion rewarded his remark. It was impossible for her not to admire the little actress. In her way, as the watcher appreciated much more fully than young Jevons, she was an artist.

Once they were settled, Mrs. Meredith rose, but in order to reach the door she had to pass within a yard of their table. She averted her head, but to no purpose, for Jevons recognised her at once. It was worse than useless to go on, so she turned to meet the blank surprise of his face.

"Where's Jim?" he demanded, in a tone which showed what he thought of her presence there alone.

"That's what I want to know," Mrs. Meredith answered bravely and convincingly. "He was to meet me here at seven."

"Oh! Let me introduce Miss Purcell, a little friend of mine. Miss Purcell—Mrs. Meredith."

The ladies bowed. Of the two, the brunette was the more ill at ease. She was not quite certain of what was happening. When one is dining with a boy with wavy hair, it is a little disconcerting to meet a lady friend of his who appears to have mislaid her husband.

"I'm afraid I've mixed the appointment up," Mrs. Meredith was saying. "I believe he's waiting for me at his club. He'll be furious if it is I who have made the mistake! And now I come to think of

(Continued on page x.)

Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



BONZO'S PAVED HELL.

Bonzo finds that the old adage that "Hell is Paved with Good Intentions" has some truth in it!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY

"The Bonzo Book," being the third of the Studdy Dog Portfolios, is now ready.

A Peeress with Three of Her Six Children.



WITH THE HON. DENISE, THE HON. LYDIA, AND THE HON. PRIMROSE YARDE-BULLER :
LADY CHURSTON.

Lady Churston is the beautiful wife of Lord Churston, M.V.O., O.B.E., third Baron and fifth Baronet. She was married in 1907, and has six children—two boys and four girls. The boys—the Hon. Richard and the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, were born in 1910 and 1915 respectively. Our photograph shows Lady Churston

with the three youngest of her four girls. The Hon. Denise was born in 1916, the Hon. Lydia in 1917, and the Hon. Primrose in 1918. Lady Churston is not only very beautiful, but extremely talented, and is a first-class musician. She sings, and also plays the violin.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

The Lady Seymour Hicks Waited for Last Week.



A MINIATURE BY ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A.: MISS BARBARA HOFFE.

Miss Barbara Hoffe appeared last week at the London Coliseum with Mr. Seymour Hicks in "Waiting for a Lady," an extremely clever sketch, adapted from "Un Monsieur Qui Attend Une Dame," by Sacha Guitry, which he and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, played in London during their last visit. The Lady, whose unpunctuality forms the theme of the sketch, only appears at the very last moment. Miss Barbara Hoffe is a very clever and attractive actress, and was seen as Joanna Trout in the first production of "Dear Brutus," as Daphne Gray in "The Law Divine," and in other successful plays. Mr. Alfred Praga, R.B.A., the well-known miniaturist, is the President of the Society of Miniaturists.

After the miniature by Alfred Praga, R.B.A. ; copyright strictly reserved by the Artist.





THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT.

This portrait of the Prince of Wales as a golfer recalls the fact that he is the present Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and his cheery smile indicates that he is as "good a sport" over the game of "gowf" as over everything else. He played

himself into office at St. Andrew's—a very trying 'business' in some ways! This portrait of the Prince was made specially for "The Sketch" by Mr. Cecil Cutler, and the original is the property of that paper. Any intending purchaser should write to this office.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY CECIL CUTLER. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.

A French Artist's Idea of Maeterlinck's Fantasy.



TYLTYL SEES THE ILLUSIVE SPIRIT OF HAPPINESS: "THE BLUE BIRD," BY LOUIS BOUTIN.

"The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's half-poetic and half-philosophic play, still retains its hold on the imagination of Londoners, and the fact that it is being given at the Duke of York's on Boxing Day and throughout the holidays delighted many hearts. Our page shows a deliciously

fantastic vision of Tytyl and Mytyl and the elusive Blue Bird. It is by M. Louis Boutin, the French artist, and was shown in London this year at the Exhibition of the Fédération Française des Artistes, held at the Little Art Rooms, Duke Street, Adelphi.

From the Painting by Louis Boutin; copyright strictly reserved by the Artist.

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The Golf Patient and his Doctor.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Belief.

I suppose that the commonest and also the most trying point of difference between teacher and pupil is a declaration by the latter that he is doing exactly what he is being told to do, and a steady, stoical assurance by the professional that the same old mistake is recurring. "Now, I'll swear I didn't sway that time," the seeker of light exclaims with emphasis after another bad shot. "Yes, you did," replies the guide and philosopher. "Look here, you're keeping something from me," I once heard an irate pupil shout to

In the Mirror.

It would not be a bad thing if the professional had at hand a full-length mirror so that his pupil might see himself as others see him. One has heard a good deal about people who have learned to play well by studying their poses and methods in front of mirrors, and I know that some renowned teachers regard with a good deal of favour the use of the looking-glass as an agent of self-conviction. It is possible to stop at any stage of the swing and ascertain in just what degree the right methods are in evidence. The people who insist that they

never sway, when they do it in every shot, can be convinced of their failing in two minutes with the aid of a mirror, and the first step towards salvation on the links is a realisation of the sins that are being committed. A faithful reflection of them — and the looking-glass never lies — is a stimulus to the leading of a better golfing life.

The Teaching Faculty.

It is proof, too, of the circumstance that golf is an art — perhaps more nearly a matter of skill guided by rules than any other game except billiards — that a few people who do not play it well are capable of giving useful instruction in it. Presumably the reason is that they know the correct principles in their fulness, and can therefore distinguish clearly between the right and the wrong in other people, although they lack some physical or mental attribute which would enable them to put those

principles into practice for themselves. Take, for instance, the Kyles of St. Andrews. Miss Elsie Kyle has been Lady Champion of Scotland; Mr. Denys Kyle has won the men's event; Mr. E. P. Kyle was a semi-finalist in the British Amateur Championship when a student at the local University; and there is a young member of the family who looks like being as good as the others. And I am told that they have all received their instruction in the game from their father, a medical man at St. Andrews, who has not the slightest pretensions to golfing excellence. I trust I do not libel him; it is one of his friends who is responsible for the statement that he can't for the life of him hit a shot of the kind that wins even moderate glory on the links. Yet he has taught his family to play remarkably well.

Job's Job.

It is an obvious truth in golf that the best person in whose hands to place oneself when the shots insist on going agley is a professional of sympathy, understanding, and playing ability. It is his business to know the causes of all the evil visitations to which the golfing flesh is heir, and without knowledge of causes, it is impossible to prescribe cures. Moreover, patience is part of his stock-in-trade, and some of the people whom one sees trying to put into practice the principles he recommends would drive a non-professional Job to distraction in half-an-hour. The quality of being able calmly to endure is exhibited in no more noble way than by a professional when he spends a whole hour striving to help a hopelessly bad golfer to realise his hopes.

Looking for Symptoms.

Most of us have been so mean and prying at times as to watch the operations from some vantage-ground where the patient is not aware of our curiosity, and even smile at his frustration and exasperation. Most likely we have stood in his shoes on more than one occasion; but it never occurs to us that we looked no more noble than he looks now. First there is the solemn formality of swinging a dozen times or more, so that the learned instructor may observe the deficiencies of grip, stance, and body-movement. Then it is that the real fun begins. There is the careful rearrangement of feet, poise and fingers; and the shots are performed again with results not immediately so satisfactory as might be expected after the careful analysis and the grave admonitions. For the way to recovery from golfing ineptitude is not a quick way. Only after mental travail does the counsel sink into the mind sufficiently deeply to produce effect; and it is while it is slowly impregnating the system that the professional comes into contact with the whole gamut of a disappointed golfer's emotion. He must, indeed, be an expert on human depression of spirit.



WHAT A ROUND OF GOLF WOULD COST YOU IN GERMANY: THE PILE OF PAPER CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR.

People talk about the Fall of the Mark, but it takes a photograph like this really to bring home to one what it means when shopping, or what it would be like to play a round of golf, tip a caddy, or make any small payment. In exchange for one dollar, the lady shown in our photograph receives 8000 marks of paper money! It will about fill up her shopping bag before she makes her purchases.

Photograph by Woller.

his mentor. "You're not telling me all you know. If you wanted me to hit the ball better than this, you could make me do it."

Probably it is one of the secrets of golf's difficulties that most people are convinced that they are doing everything properly when, in point of fact, they are perpetrating half the errors that the art knows. But they have had lessons and digested all the hints in the books of instruction, and it is easy in such circumstances to imagine that the principles are being applied to the last letter. It is exactly the influence that carries the player on full of hope from day to day in the face of repeated set-backs. This is the secret charm of the game — the eternal hopefulness it inspires.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

TAKING MADAME TO THE THEATRE IN PARIS.

WE stay in a nice little hotel near the Rond Point, and we are going to a *matinée*—lunch first, of course. So that was six francs for the taxi to Marguéry, after having bought two balconies for the Scala at an *Agence*. Nice people, the agents; the stalls cost sixteen francs each at the box-office—they charged us twenty-two francs each for telephoning about the tickets. No wonder Madame wore diamond ear-rings as big as broad-beans.

Then came Marguéry. Now that was A1 and cheap. *Sole de la Maison*, endives, *pommes impératrice*, exquisite Chablis, small Evian, "deux vieilles cures," the best liqueur monks ever distilled, coffee. Total, fifty-one francs—at the present rate of exchange, *c'est pour rien*. Of course, there were tips—six francs for the waiter, two for the wine-waiter (*sommelier*), one franc for the cloak-room lady, fifty centimes for the boy who saw to it that plenty of draught cooled my bald and fevered brow. With our tickets we thought we could just walk through at the Scala—but no such luck; we were held up; we had to crush to a desk where three gentlemen, one with a ribbon in his buttonhole, scrutinised, argued, deliberated, gesticulated. At last we got our passports. "Ah, non!" said Cerberus. "Vestiaire, s'il vous plaît." Crush at the *vestiaire*. Two harpies upon us. Madame must leave her hat—no hats allowed in the balcony; Madame must leave her gamp; Monsieur must leave all he had on him. It was counted, docketed—two francs. Upstairs—after a few people butting us in the flanks—another harpy. An oily smile, a few steps to our seats, which a blind horse could have found, a little pause for a little tip; had no *dix sous*, so—a franc. "And the programme, Madame?" "He will come." He was singing downstairs "Le programme, compte-rendu de la pièce," with the voice of a Don Juan tenor. He too smiled and paused; one franc the programme and—he was alert with change—*dix sous* for what? Then came a lady with oranges—they made the place reek; and during every one of the five *entr'actes* her grating voice got on our nerves. Then came the lady with the famous song which a *cabaretier* sings in the play. Fortunately, my companion did not want it all, otherwise another (paper) louis would have gone, to say nothing of possible expenditure in the *entr'acte*—ices, cocktails, and sundry niceties which in the *café* and *salle des pas-perdus* are urged on you. Finally, after an unseemly rush at the cloak-room, which we escaped, waiting like lambs for a quarter of an hour, to let the others jostle, hustle, squabble, quibble, we got our dear belongings—and bang went another sixpence. Then came the real *apérif*, to recover from three hours' traffic, and at least 33 1-3 per cent. awful *entr'actes*—seven francs another taxi home to the hotel again.

When I totted it all up, I reached the grand total of one hundred and fifty francs odd for the afternoon's "spree"; and if she had not protected my purse by refusing sweets and sundries, two hundred francs would have disappeared to see one play. I wonder how the French manage it, to whom a franc is still a franc; while we say "Pish! What does it matter when the rate of exchange fringes on sixty-five?" But one hundred and fifty francs for one little *matinée*—the fish is dearly bought, as Heyermans says in his famous play, "The Good Hope."

II.

"SWEET LAVENDER," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

"Et alors j'ai pleuré comme on pleure à vingt ans." YES, there were little tears at the theatre when Lavender came back as fragrant as ever, for there is much simple pathos in the pretty story. But mainly laughter was the feature of the evening. "Clement my boy" kept us going, and Holman Clark was as feelingly comic as the great Edward Terry himself. On him hinges the play, with him it stands or falls, however adorable they all may be, from Lavender to Ruth (a wonderful performance by Lilian Braithwaite) from Clem to Bream. We had sleepless nights over the casting of Dick Phenyl—where was the man to vie with a great tradition?—and if we found him, would he have the pluck to grapple with the part behind which hovers the unforgettable spirit of the great comedian, Edward Terry? Then



ONE OF THE TWO PRINCIPAL BOYS FOR THE LONDON HIPPODROME'S PANTOMIME: MISS CLARICE MAYNE AS CINDERELLA'S PRINCE CHARMING.

For the first time in theatrical history there are two Principal Boys in one pantomime, for "Cinderella," at the London Hippodrome, has such a heavy part for Prince Charming that Miss Clarice Mayne and Miss Florence Wray are taking it "turn about," as it is out of the question for one artist to play it twice daily. Miss Clarice Mayne played the part on its first presentation, Thursday, Dec. 21.

Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.

I saw "Glamour" and Holman Clark; and with "Eureka!" I told my friend Lion, and the Master Pinero, and both agreed. "Right!" said the two latter; but Clark himself winced; he literally implored me to spare him. But I could not. You don't fish pearls to cast them into the sea. He lost a stone over the effort; I heard that he was nearly giving up—nearly, for, like a good fighter, he feared death, but would face it. And for his pains he became the light-weight champion. We all loved and applauded him; he is Dick Phenyl *redivivus*—full of life and spirit and fun and feeling.

Would that I could sing the praises of the others—of the beautiful Isobel Elsom, another *rediviva*, as exquisite as was Maud Millett; of Jack Hobbs, of Lyall Sweete, of Henry Caine, of Ada Ferrar, of Wilfred Forster, of dear little Ann Trevor with a voice and a tear that pull your heart-strings. But I must not criticise. I am an interested party, though unprejudiced.

As for the play, a man I met on the Boulevard last week said, "So you are going to cycle 'Sweet Lavender'—sweet lavender, it smells good." Yes, and it looks good. Unless you have forgotten that you were young, unless life has bittered your cup to make you scorn romance, you cannot help feeling

cosied, charmed, carried away on the wings of yester-years. It is like looking at a collection of old prints, like a bundle of love-letters, dangling before your eyes. "When all the world was young, boy!"—a garden of memories wherein to while and muse away a few hours of dreamy happiness.

III.

"ROBIN HOOD," AT THE PAVILION.

"Exempt me, Sir, I am afraid of women."

"ISN'T he topping? Isn't he lovely? . . . Oh, papa, I'm so happy you took me—so happy!" And the little tot behind me clapped her dear little hands, and danced in her seat, and kicked me under my stall, in the high glee of her admiration and her pride in the valorous deeds of the English hero.

Ay, and it was not the little tot only that was proud and happy and excited. I could tell of a critic with a bald pate and a young heart who now—and again could have shouted with joy, if it were not etiquette for critics to keep still and jubilate within.

For this is a glorious film, so full of imagination and ingenuity and vast vistas of crusades, castles, hordes of men, of hair-breadth escapes, of one-against-ten fights, of unspeakable perils and titanic courage, of love for Maid Marian and love for "the King of the Lion Heart" and the cherished lord of Britain, that even the most *blasé* onlooker must now and again feel a flicker of enthusiasm. It may not be correct history; what do I care?—the saga is there, the folk-lore is there, the wonderful arrow is there that flits where'er Robin Hood is near to guard, to attack and to defend; the three lions are there, too, to affix Robin's seal to Robin's decrees from his lord; and between a glorious King and a deep-dyed villain, there is the towering figure of Robin—Fairbanks, "afraid of women," yet for the sake of a woman and his King destined to become the defender of faith and England. It is incredible what is to be seen on this screen; of court life, crusading, warfare, multitudes, and marvels of human

endurance. Fairbanks is not only an artist of intense dramatic force, he must be a man of almost superhuman strength. To him, men and battlements, vertiginous heights and gaping abysses mean nothing else but small obstacles in his dauntless progress. One's thoughts went back to Thermopylæ and a Leonidas defying death, immune in his valour.

But there is one who, unseen, is as powerful a factor in this work which exalts the craft to art, and that is the producer, Alan Dwan. He must be a man of rare imagination, of strategical genius. There are moments which vie with the real pictures of the Great War; and yet the Great War was (alas!) reality, and this is merely the triumph of make-believe, of drill, of one man's power to make hundreds, perhaps thousands, vitalise the pictures he saw with his own pair of eyes. He is a great mind, is Alan Dwan.

We all came away thrilled and joyful, for this was the immortal tale of English deeds and glory; and if, silently, we felt just a little regret that it was left to Americans to invade our domain and annex its hero, we were none the less grateful to Charles Blake Cochran that he found this treasure and brought it home to us at Christmas-time.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT

No. XXXII. "Oliver Twist" as a Film.



THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SCREEN STAR: JACKIE COOGAN
AS OLIVER TWIST.



PICKING OAKUM IN THE WORKHOUSE: JACKIE COOGAN
AS THE PATHETIC OLIVER.



OLIVER RETURNS TO THE HOUSE OF MR. BROWNLOW:
A STUDY OF THE CHILD ACTOR.



THE PICTURE OF DOMESTICITY: JACKIE AS OLIVER
IN THE HOUSE OF THE BROWNLOWS.

"Oliver Twist" as a film will be the Boxing Day attraction at the Marble Arch Pavillion, and this American version of the classical Dickens novel is likely to have a big success. Not only have the "sets" been most carefully constructed after a study of the Cruikshank drawings, but the child actor, Jackie Coogan, is featured in the picture. This

little boy of eight has already been seen in "The Kid," "Peck's Bad Boy," and "My Boy," and it is impossible to deny his genius. The rôle of Oliver suits him extremely well. Mr. Lon Chaney is playing Fagin; while Miss Gladys Brockwell is the Nancy. All Dickens-lovers will rejoice in the film, which is said to have captured the right atmosphere throughout.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: NO. XXXIII. "SWEET



AS LAVENDER: MISS ANN TREVOR.



THE PRINCIPALS ASSEMBLED FOR THE FINAL CURTAIN: MINNIE (ISOBEL ELSOM), DICK (E. HOLMAN CLARK), MR. MAW (GERARD CLIFTON), MR. WEDDERBURN



AS THE HOUSEKEEPER: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE
IN THE RÔLE OF RUTH ROLT.



IN THE GREAT RÔLE CREATED BY EDWARD TERRY:
MR. E. HOLMAN CLARK AS DICK PHENYL.

The final revival in this year of theatrical revivals is Sir Arthur Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," which was produced at Terry's Theatre in 1888—nearly thirty-five years ago. It sounds a dangerous experiment to produce the play not only with the costumes and setting of the period in which it was written, but exactly in its original form. The long arm of coincidence in its story has not been shortened, the sentimental passages are left untouched, and neither the asides nor any other now out-moded methods of the playwright have been modified. The result is a very charming affair, and it is the general opinion that "Sweet Lavender" still exudes a delicious fragrance, which is but more enthralling for not having been

LAVENDER"—FASHIONS OF '88 SEEN IN '22.



HORACE (HENRY CAINE), LAVENDER (ANN TREVOR), CLEMENT (JACK HOBBS), (WILFRED FORSTER), AND RUTH ROLT (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE).



A CHARMER IN HER 1888 COSTUME: MISS ISOBEL ELSOM AS MINNIE.



THE BALL-DRESS OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO: MINNIE IN EVENING FINERY.



VICTORIAN JEWELLERY ON A DRESS OF THE PERIOD: MISS ADA FERRAR AS MRS. GILFILLIAN.

enjoyed for so many years. The dresses are very "amusing" from the point of view of modern fashions, and every detail of the modes of 1886 has been faithfully adhered to. The jewellery worn by Miss Ada Ferrar in our photograph is worthy of special attention. Another entertaining feature of the play to modern ears and eyes is the conventional manner in which the principal characters are paired off, and each given a few words to say at the end in order to round the play off into a suitable curtain. "Sweet Lavender" has all the charm of a "period piece," and is given by a first-rate cast.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The Danger of Development.

The greatest difficulty in the professional lives of writers of fiction, whether novelists or dramatists or short-story writers, is that the public resent any change in their outlook or style. As they begin, so they must go on. Publishers, theatrical managers, editors, and agents aid and abet the public in this work of limitation. "Very good, my dear fellow—very brilliant and all that; but not what the public have come to expect from you."

It is quite true. I can easily carry my memory back to the time when I was a juvenile member of the reading public. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome had made everybody laugh with "Three Men in a Boat," and he had done it again, though less riotously, with "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." On the strength of these two successes he brought out a weekly journal called *To-Day*. I was at school at the time, and I remember how eagerly we bought the early copies of *To-Day* in confident expectation of being doubled up with laughter.

Not a bit of it. Mr. Jerome had a column or so of editorial notes, but, to our horror,



PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS AT CANNES :
LORD ROCKSAVAGE.

Lord Rocksavage is already in the South of France, and our photographer snapped him on the lawn-tennis courts at Cannes. He is the elder son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and married the sister of Sir Philip Sassoon. He is a keen all-round sportsman, well known in lawn-tennis and polo circles.

Photograph by Marcel le Noir.

they were as serious as could be. This funny fellow, it seemed, was actually interested in such matters as the prevention of cruelty to animals. Every week he would pound and cuff and cudgel some magistrate who had fined a brute five shillings or so for gross cruelty to a horse or a cat. Mr. Jerome was perfectly right, and in these days I should applaud him to the echo; but you cannot expect a schoolboy, who has expended twopence in exchange for roars of laughter, to be content with serious views of life.

The Tussle. Mr. Jerome succeeded at last in making the public accept him as a serious writer—he did it with "Paul Kelter," a book into which he put, as they say, all he knew—but it was a hard fight.

Mr. Galsworthy, on the other hand, had a shot at the light and airy method in a play called "Joy." He was not, I fancy, encouraged to continue in that vein. Sir Arthur Pinero has tried his hand at fantasy, mainly in "The Freaks" and "The Enchanted Cottage." It is impossible for Sir Arthur to write anything that is not deeply interesting; but the public clearly showed that Sir James Barrie was their man for fantasy, and Sir Arthur Pinero equally their man for the dramatic entanglements of ladies and gentlemen.

It is always a tussle, as I say, and the public is a very strong wrestler. Some writers try fall after fall; others return, with a shrug of the shoulders, to the line of least resistance. After all, even writers have nerves and withers and so forth, though many well-meaning folk overlook these little details.

"Nobody's Man."

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, just now, is trying a fall with the public. I noticed it in a recent story of his about a very rich young man who decided, for a wager, to leave his money intact for a whole year and earn his living as best he could. As a result, this hero was brought into contact with the life lowly, and discovered so much good in it that he married a poor typist—I think she was a typist—and made her a millionairess.

In his newest story, "Nobody's Man," Mr. Oppenheim goes even further. I don't know how far it is right to associate an author with his leading character, and the opinions expressed by that character, but you will perhaps be astonished to learn that the central figure of "Nobody's Man" is an out-and-out Socialist (in the best sense of the term).

He is a valued member of the Coalition Government, and the Coalition is desperately anxious to keep him. I believe they are prepared to make him Prime Minister if only he will stay on their side—but he will not. He sees no future for the Coalition, and is quite convinced that their place will be taken by the Socialist Party—not a Bolshevistic Socialist Party, not a "levy-on-capital" party, but a Socialist Party determined to give every man in the country a fair chance, gentlemen and millionaires included. (This book, by the way, must have been written before the last election. I should like to hear Mr. Oppenheim on his private feelings when Conservative after Conservative swept the constituencies.)

"Andrew Tallente." Mr. Oppenheim's hero was a wonderful fellow, of course. So much must be conceded to a voracious public. You would not expect any Oppenheim hero to be an ordinary mortal.

Andrew Tallente distinguished himself fairly early in life by getting a Double Blue at Oxford. Nothing so remarkable about that, perhaps, but when I tell you that one was for cricket and the other for *racquets* you will realise that you have to deal with a man who will go a long way.

Another of his achievements is the faculty of drinking his champagne "slightly iced." None but the very great can do that with equanimity.

Andrew is cursed with an ambitious wife. She badly wants to be a peeress. The great passion of her life is to be a peeress. She says so. She makes no bones about it. She did not marry Andrew because she loved him. She married him because she expected him to become a peer. He did not marry her because he loved her; it was her money he wanted.

"You have always declined, Andrew," she protests, "to make very much use of my money. Could we not make a bargain now? I will give you a hundred thousand pounds and settle five million dollars on the holder of the title for ever, if you will accept this peerage. I wouldn't mind a present to the party funds, either, if that helped matters."

He shook his head. He was adamant. That was the kind of man he had become. At the same time he did not easily assimilate all the habits and manners of some of his Socialistic

friends. There was one Miller, who jarred horribly.

The Jolly Miller.

He battled with the idea, treated it as a prejudice, analysed it. From head to foot the man wore the wrong clothes in the wrong manner—boots of a vivid shade of brown, thick socks without garters, an obviously ready-made suit of flannel, a hopeless

[Continued overleaf.]



PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS AT
THE BEAU SITE COURTS
AT CANNES : MRS. WINSTON
CHURCHILL.

Mrs. Winston Churchill has been enjoying the lawn-tennis at Cannes. She is wearing a many-coloured Fair Island knitted coat in our photograph.

Photograph by Marcel le Noir.



ON THE TERRACE OF HER VILLA AT LA NAPOULE :
THE HON. LADY JOHNSTONE.

The Hon. Lady Johnstone is the wife of the Hon. Sir Alan Johnstone, G.C.V.O., second of the five brothers of Lord Derwent. She was formerly Miss Antoinette Pinchot, was married in 1892, and has one son, Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, born in 1895.

Photograph by Marcel le Noir.

Pottery Portraiture: Chelsea Cheyne Society.



A GWENDOLEN PARNELL CHELSEA CHEYNE PORTRAIT:
LADY LATTÄ.



A MODERN BEAUTY AS A VENETIAN ÉLÉGANTE:
MISS LATTÄ.



A WELL-KNOWN PIANIST:
MISS LILIAS MACKINNON.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GALLANT:
MR. EUSTACE ROBB.



DAUGHTER OF LORD PLYMOUTH:
LADY PHYLLIS WINDSOR-CLIVE.

Miss Gwendolen Parnell's beautiful porcelain portraits, made at the Chelsea Pottery, Paradise Walk, are well known, and "Sketch" readers have already been able to admire her figures of the characters of "The Beggar's Opera" and other portraits, some of which are in the London Museum. This page shows five fascinating portraits of well-known Society people. The gay gallantry of the eighteenth century is well expressed

by the pose of the dainty figures in fancy dress, and the portraiture of each subject is excellent. Lady Latta is the wife of Sir John Latta, Bt., and Miss Latta, one of her two beautiful daughters. Miss Liliass Mackinnon is the well-known Scriabin expert. She recently gave a very successful recital. Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive is the only daughter of the first Earl of Plymouth.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

Continued.

tie, an unimaginable collar. Even his ready flow of speech suggested the gifts of the tub-thumper, his indomitable persistence a lack of sensibility. He knew his facts, knew all the stock arguments, was brimful of statistics; was argumentative, convincing, in his way sincere. Tallente acknowledged all these things and yet found himself wondering, with a grim sense of irony, how he could call a man 'Comrade' with such finger-nails!"

Well, he never did. He was lucky enough to get rid of Miller, who had paid no less than five thousand pounds out of certain funds to which he had access for an article against Trade Unions which Tallente had written in younger and more impulsive days, yet never printed. Miller handed this article to the editor of a daily paper, and there is quite an amusing scene in the "Sheridan" club between Tallente and the editor. Tallente begs him not to publish; the editor insists that he will publish.

"Tallente stared gloomily out of the window.

"Then I suppose there is nothing more to be said," he wound up.

"Nothing! Sorry, Tallente, but the chief is absolutely firm. He looks upon you as the monkey pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for the Labour Party, and he has made up his mind to singe your paws."

"The Democrats will rule this country before many years have passed," Tallente said earnestly, "whether your chief likes it or not. Isn't it better to have a reasonable and moderate man like myself of influence in their councils than have to deal with Miller and his lot?"

"Greening shrugged his shoulders and glanced at the clock.

"Orders are orders," he declared, "and even if I disbelieved in the policy of the paper, I couldn't afford to disobey. Come and lunch, Tallente."

I am quite sure no editor would ever have said such a thing, but never mind. Mr. Oppenheim gives you, as make-weight, a tender love-story and a disappearing secretary, whom he may, accidentally, have killed. So there is some jam with the political powder.

"The Mayflower." "Look, Rosario! Don't talk to me! Talk to this!"

"And she turned squarely around and, bending slightly, registered a resonant slap on the pair of spacious hips that trembled under a calico skirt with all the elasticity of her firm flesh.

"This *trovata* had immense success with the audience. Women fell from their chairs in the contortions of laughter. The tunny-men in the near section doubled up in the gripes of joy, while the hilarity found its outer boundaries in the meat-market, stalls and stalls away. Staid gentlemen from town set their baskets down to do full justice with their clapping hands to the beauty and the wit of the inimitable Dolores."

A primitive people, you see, about whom Vicente Blasco Ibañez writes in his new novel, "The Mayflower." Nothing to do with the Pilgrim Fathers, I ought to mention. "Flor de Mayo" is the correct title; but the translator, Mr. Arthur Livingston, an American from internal evidence, chooses to call it "The Mayflower" instead of "Flower of

May." I trust American readers will not be deceived, for there was little in common between their revered progenitors and the rough fisherfolk of the Spanish beach who so vastly appreciated the humour of the beautiful Dolores.

Peasant Humour in Spain.

It was the custom of these playful souls to assemble on the beach when the fishing-boats were putting to sea and assure the sailors, who would be absent for a night or two, that their wives would be unfaithful in the meantime. The children would join in lustily, and the expressions used by the children are rendered into English as "obscenities." A charming populace.

If the boats were caught in a storm, the wives and mothers and sweethearts of the

very different from the fisherfolk of England. They stab each other, of course, because that is a Spanish custom; but are Dolores and Rosario typical, I wonder, of all Spanish fisherfolk?

"Two Women Quarrel." "But suddenly Dolores shrieked in agony and raised both hands to one ear. 'The dog! The dog!' she cried.

"Rosario's fingers had closed over one of those pearl ear-rings that had been the admiration of the Fishmarket. She had torn it out. The pretty girl began to sob, pressing her torn ear under both her hands, while blood streamed through her fingers. 'Was that the way to fight fairly?' she moaned. That showed the kind of woman she had to deal with."

Quite. If it showed the kind of women she had to live with, the marvel is that anybody lived there at all.

I like our author better when he is writing about the sea. I believe in his sea more easily than I believe in his humans.

"A wave of grey water, noiseless and without a cap, reared above the stern, came full aboard without breaking, covered the whole boat, sweeping over her like a luff from a gigantic hand. The Rector received the shock square on his back, but nothing, apparently, could loosen his iron grip from the tiller, nor pry his feet from the deck against which they were braced."

Yes, something could—the passionate desire to kill his brother, who had stolen his wife. This he did, so that they all died, including the small boy whose parentage was uncertain.

I told you it was strong.

"Hidden Lives." The outstanding feature of this novel, by M. Leonora Eyles, is its sincerity. The author is quite clearly inspired with a laudable desire to bring the miseries of the very poor before those whose lives are more cosily arranged. Whether a novel is the right medium for this sort of propaganda I am not certain, but Leonora Eyles has chosen the novel, probably because people will read a novel who will not read essays, and articles, and statistics.

It is not quite such a fierce affair, this story, as "The Mayflower," but the opening chapters are sufficiently depressing.

"Neither father nor daughter spoke; each dull face was expressionless save for an over-spreading stratum of misery and hopelessness; even when a convulsive twitch of Amy's limbs and a dilation of her dull eyes that made them momentarily black showed loss of muscular control and pain dully borne, neither spoke; the fire roared and flapped; the baby whimpered; and, outside, dull reverberations told that blasting was going on in the pit during the day's holiday."

Thus the stage is set, and our author worthily peoples it. Remains the question whether we make our own environment, or would be radiantly happy and successful if lifted out of it and placed in another. But this is controversial, and cannot be dealt with in the space of a brief review.

Nobody's Man. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Mayflower. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net.)

Hidden Lives. By Leonora Eyles. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)



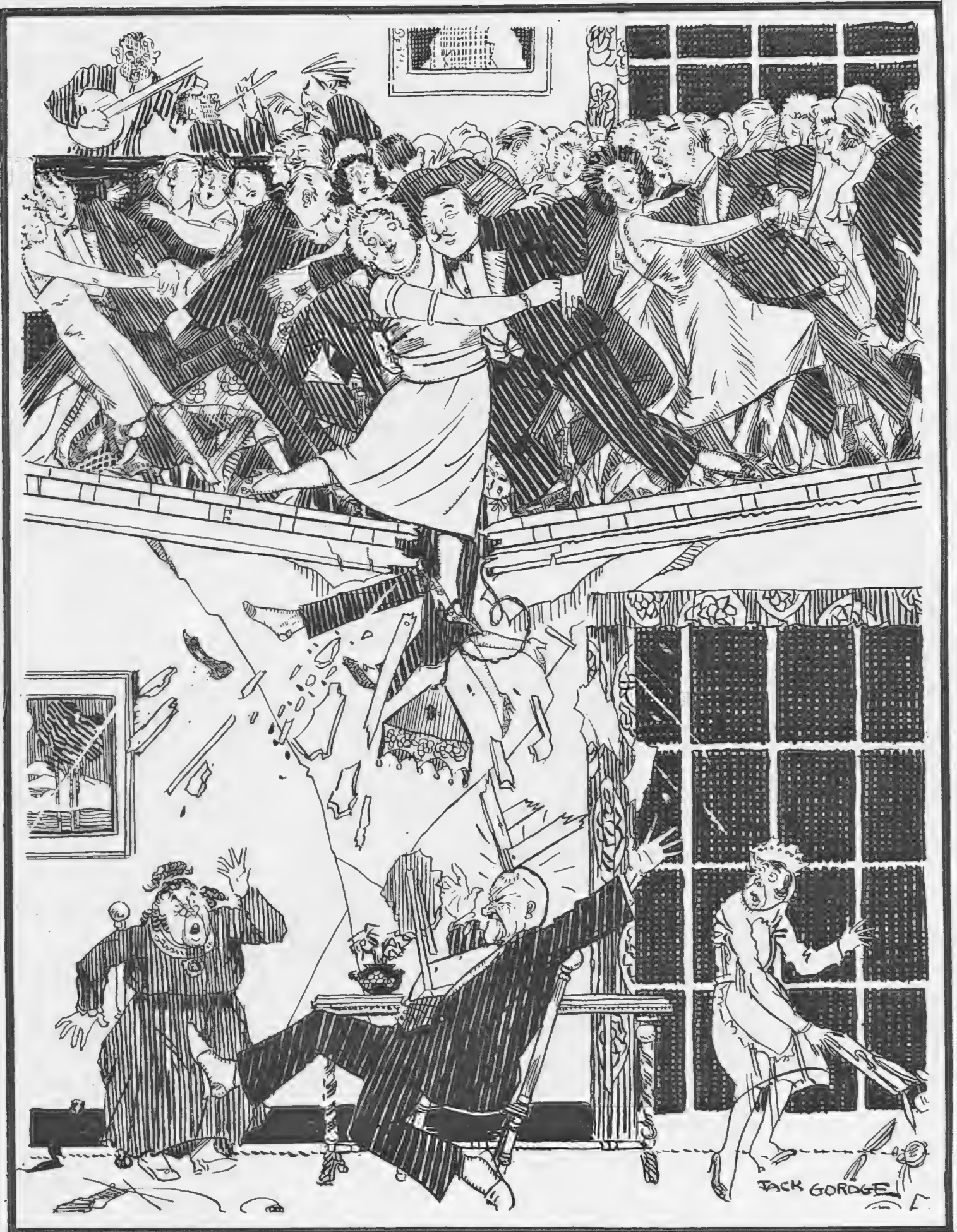
THE WIFE OF A THIRD BARON: LADY LAWRENCE, C.B.E. Lady Lawrence is the wife of the third Baron and third Baronet, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Pemberton Hobson. She was married in 1907, and has one son—the Hon. John Lawrence, born in 1908; and four daughters, the youngest of whom was born last year. Lady Lawrence is a very good organiser, and did splendid work in connection with her canteens for workers at Woolwich during the war.—[Photograph by Brooke Hughes.]

fishermen would again assemble on the shore and shriek terrible blasphemies to heaven for daring to disturb the elements whilst fishing was toward.

"It rained all night long. Many women waited out till sunrise, drawing their soaked cloaks about their shivering bodies, kneeling in the black mud and coal-dust on the Breakwater, shrieking their prayers to be sure that God would hear, or, again, in desperate rage, stopping to tear their hair and hurl the most frightful blasphemies of the Fishmarket up toward heaven."

A strong writer, Blasco Ibañez. You will remember his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Very strong meat, that, but refined as compared with "The Mayflower." "Well, how can you expect fisherfolk to be refined?" I don't; but I fail to see why the fisherfolk of Spain should be so very,

Dedicated to "Cherubs" Up Aloft!



ONE MAN'S FLOOR IS ANOTHER MAN'S CEILING.

DRAWN BY JACK GORGE.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

IN speaking of the Varsity match of 1922 we must be quite prepared to hear the victorious Cambridge team referred to in some quarters as Cohen's side, so perfectly did this goal-converting, try-getting forward fill the space made vacant by Ryder's unfortunate injury. (See Euclid's definition of the word "coincide.") As if not content with the severe reverse they sustained at Twickenham, I am told that the very next day eleven Oxford men were enticed down to the Crystal Palace, where they again opposed

know it—would be taken out of the game if our ball were a dull, round, globe-like thing. It is the elusive quality of the ellipse which makes it so dear to the heart of the Rugger man. It is questionable whether there would be any candidates for the position of full-back if the ball could always be relied upon to bounce dead straight.

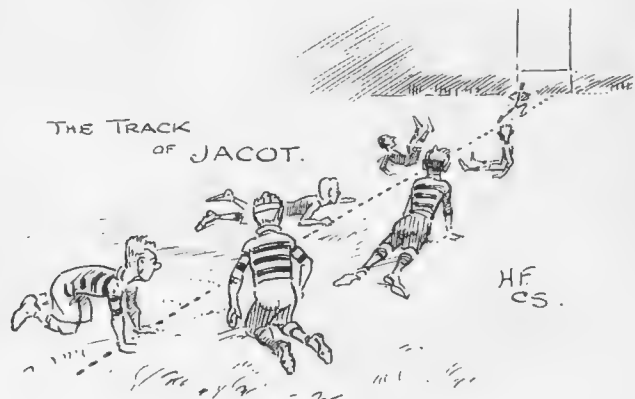
Why is there always a long waiting list on the books of every Rugger club of men who want to play full-back? I will tell you. They yearn for that delicious moment when the full-back sees the ball, with the wind behind it, hurtling through the air into his "twenty-five," and he knows he can't get to it before it bounces. Bearing down upon him are more than half his opponents, who seem to increase in size and number as they increase in speed. Will this spinning, swerving, egg-like thing bounce right for him, or for them? At a recent match, I witnessed a full-back called upon to experience one of these delicious moments. And the ball, evidently in a particularly whimsical mood, seemed to decide that it would bounce for nobody. For as soon as it struck the ground it bamboozled the lot by rolling rapidly over and over at a surprisingly acute angle, straight into touch.

Several three-quarters of outstanding excellence seem to have borrowed from the ball

it is essential that the player using it has some of the physical attributes of the bovine quadruped. John Birkett—also a Harlequin—who played for England on twenty-one occasions, practised this method with wonderful success. Except that John was fair and B. L. Jacot is dark, I consider that this hefty Harlequin three-quarter might be described as the modern Birkett. He is an interesting figure on the football field. There are times when he appears to be thoroughly bored, and almost tired. But presently when the ball is out

of the scrum, and passes from the scrum-half to the stand-off, and from the stand-off to the inside-right, Jacot's whole aspect changes. Taking his pass at top speed, he makes straight for the line, and as often as not gets there, leaving in his track nearly half-a-dozen opponents who tried to stop him.

At the recent match at Twickenham, when Richmond, by superior forward work, beat the Harlequins, 18—5, the solitary score for the losers was a typical Jacot try. Four people, including Middleton and O'Brien (who both, as a rule, know how to tackle), failed to hold him, and, in the case of Middleton's attempt, it looked as if he had set about his man on the lines recommended by all the leading authorities on the subject. Among other types of try-getters are those who literally seek to "carve their way to glory." But for every successful endeavour there are generally not merely nine failures for the individual, but chances of a try thrown away for his side through hanging on to the ball. I always think that this is a blemish on the otherwise very sound game of V. G. Davies. He has a mania for the "cut through," and seems to wait until the opposition have collected themselves in an impenetrable bunch, and then try to burrow through it. I have sometimes seen him successful. I have more often seen him fail.



A.T. YOUNG, THE CAMBRIDGE SCRUM-HALF

themselves to Cambridge, and were again defeated.

Being very uncertain as to the nature of the contest, I bought a paper, and was surprised to find it described as football, although I gathered that the hands are never used except for the purpose of bringing the referee's whistle into play. The idea of the pastime—which, I understand, already has quite a number of followers—is to propel the ball by means of the feet (or even the head) towards an oblong net, the property of the opponents. When this has been accomplished, the player is allowed to kick the ball as hard as he likes in the direction of this net. If the ball is found in the net, it counts one to the side who put it there. Twice the ball was found in the Oxford net, for which Cambridge therefore were awarded two points. But though a thorough search was made in the Cambridge net, no ball was to be found; moreover, the man who stands by the net to look after it, and throw the ball out after it has been put in, said his Cambridge net had been empty all the afternoon. So Oxford scored nothing.

But the funniest part about the game is the shape of the ball. Instead of being egg-shaped, like a proper football, it is a complete round! It must look utterly ridiculous on the field of play, for, though absolute rotundity is essential in a billiard-ball, it is quite out of place in a football. A great deal of the charm of football—such as we



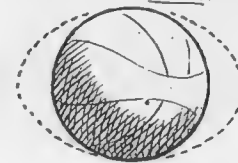
some of its deceptive and evasive characteristics. A. L. Gracie (of Harlequins and Scotland fame) is a man who at once comes to mind as an example of this. He is elusive—ness personified. Having in the first place, more likely than not, obtained the ball by intercepting an opponent's pass—for he specialises in this—the first symptoms of an impending try from Gracie are a series of eel-like wriggles, amazing swerves, and successful feints—all carried out at a tremendous pace, for he is very fast. And when he has done enough of this sort of thing to rid himself of fourteen-fifteenths (the estimate is merely approximate) of the opposition, unless the remaining fractional part of the defence is extremely careful, he will find himself looking over his shoulder at Gracie, with his head carried right back and the ball well forward, about to put his side three points up.

He is an example of try-getting by elusion. There are other methods equally successful, but, perhaps, not quite so thrilling from the spectator's point of view. One of these is the "bullocking" method. But to do much good with this means of increasing the score



S.W. HARRIS
BLACKHEATH
& ENGLAND
3/4.

THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS
SHAPE OF REAL FOOTBALL.



THE RECENT
ALLEGED FOOTBALL
MATCH,
OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE,
SHOWING KIT WORN
& THE
WEIRD-SHAPED BALL
USED.



BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKY.



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The BIRTH OF EGYPTIAN CULTURE.—Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie.

TELL EL-AMARNA (*In Colours*).—The Prime Minister's House 3000 years ago.—C. Leonard Woolley and the Egypt Exploration Society.

Treasure from VATICAN RUBBISH.—Mrs. Arthur Strong, Assistant Director, British School at Rome.

Discoveries from the Tomb of Queen AASHAÏT, at Thebes.

Digging the Treasure-laden Soil of Italy.—Dr. Thomas Ashby, of the British School at Rome.

HALICARNASSUS.—The English Mediæval Tower.

The Cradle of British Christianity at Nendrum, Ireland.

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The MEGALITHIC TEMPLE at HAL-TARXIEN (MALTA).—Professor the Hon. T. Zammit.

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A Society Puzzle — and an "Amorous Adventurer."



CAN YOU SPOT LADY DIANA COOPER, LADY CHURSTON, LADY MAUD WARRENDER, OR ANYONE ELSE? THE TITLED WAITS IN THEIR MASKS.



DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY READS THE "ARLEQUIN" PARTS: MOYNA MCGILL, VIOLA TREE, HON. LOIS STURT, AND EDITH KELLY GOULD (L. TO R.).

Our group of the masked Waits who sang outside the big houses in the West End last week includes Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Churston, Mrs. Auberon Kennard, Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, Miss Lewis, Miss Marjorie Gordon, Miss Gwendolen Brogden, Miss Farquharson, Lord Gerald Wellesley, and Mr. Bertram Binyon. Can our readers spot any of these celebrities? The venture was in



REHEARSING HIS RÔLE OF ARLEQUIN, THE "AMOROUS ADVENTURER": MR. GODFREY TEARLE AND MISS MOYNA MCGILL.

aid of the Dockland Settlement.—Our other photographs show rehearsals of "Arlequin," the comedy-fantasy produced at the Empire last week. Mr. Godfrey Tearle plays the title-rôle of the eighteenth-century Arlequin, who is described as an amorous adventurer in Venice. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry plays Pierrot, and our group shows other important members of the cast.

The Future Châtelaine of Windlestone.



TO MARRY SIR TIMOTHY EDEN, BT.: MISS MARY LOUISE PRENDERGAST.

The announcement of the engagement of Sir Timothy Eden, eighth Baronet of West Auckland, Durham, and sixth Baronet of Maryland, U.S.A., to Miss Mary Louise Prendergast, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Prendergast, was made last week, and the marriage will take place shortly. Sir Timothy Eden comes of an ancient family, the baronetcy of West Auckland dating from 1672,

and that of Maryland (conferred on the second son of the third Baronet of West Auckland, then Governor of Maryland) from 1776. Both titles were merged in one in the person of the fourth Baronet of Maryland. Sir Timothy Eden, who was born in 1895, succeeded in 1915. He has one surviving brother, and one sister, Lady Brooke. The family seat is Windlestone, Ferryhill, Durham.

Photograph by Yevonde.

Ymas Fellowship.

THE pre-eminent occasion for friendship and good-feeling is the season of Christmas. Nothing more conduces to real concord than

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Agreeing with everyone, it creates unanimity in the pleasantest way possible, playing its rôle with dignity and distinction. "Red Tape" is, indeed, "The Spirit of Concord."

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Hymen and Omen

Highbrows and Low Senses.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE damnation of the so-called Highbrow is its peculiarly low and undeveloped sense of proportion. This fantastic type of humanity, having succeeded in achieving only material failure, endeavours to secure a defence for itself in a flimsily constructed air of superiority, cultivates around itself an atmosphere of futile contempt for all things beyond itself, and eventually perishes in the unhealthy hovel of its own miserable creation. Which dissertation is merely introductory to the art of producing clothes.

The modern artist uses the virtue, and demands the value of a cold materialism. Pictures are no longer painted in filthy attics, nor are epics written in rat-ridden cellars.

To switch to an absolute materialism, why is it that Pope and Bradley is now the most famous tailoring House in the world? It is the greatest business of its exclusive kind that has been created. Could it exist for a year on illusion or on lies? The simple truth is that the foundation of the business has been built with the artistic control of an expert material craftsmanship.

The arts and crafts still exist in the West End of London with a few firms, and these few are able to defy competition. Their standard is the usage of the best material procurable, the suggestion of the true artist to design, and the skill of the finest craftsmen to evolve the conception.

Cheap clothes are a shameless extravagance. A garment made of shoddy material, miserably cut by a suburban mind, proclaims at once its lowly origin, and becomes worn out after a few unpleasant months of sordid company.

This is a plain, commercial, but irrefutable statement. A Pope and Bradley suit or overcoat will last for years and always proclaim its style. It will have a longer life than any three of the cheaper productions.

The *Daily Herald*—with which paper I have a sympathy—humorously intimated that Pope and Bradley's prices were high. Considering the quality and high cost of the finest workmanship it would be utterly impossible to charge less than the following prices:—Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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BRISTOL & LONDON, ENGLAND.

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Road Law and Manners.

This is the season when goodwill for all men should be the uppermost thought in our hearts. But I have had mine severely tried recently by the actions of others on the road. May I state, first, that when I drive on a reasonably wide road at night-time, I do not shut off my headlights when

Mistaken Official Advice.

All this switching on and off of headlights has come about through the Automobile Association sending out a circular asking members to do it. It was a mistake in the first place, and bad advice at that, as nothing is so conducive to accidents as suddenly cutting off the bright beams of light in the road, to drive in what appears

an utter blank darkness after doing this. The right advice, if they must give advice on this point, is that any driver finding the lamps of an approaching car dazzle him should draw in to the near side of the road, slow down and stop, sooner than run any risk of accident to himself or others. In any case, it is wiser to lose a minute on your journey than spend a day or so in a court of law, however free from blame you may consider yourself. I hope that the A.A. will send out another circular as a counterblast to its original one on this point, stating that, after due consideration, switching off the car's headlights is not a sign of good manners necessarily, and, moreover, may bring trouble on the switcher. It is

the same in regard to another piece of advice that was circulated by some body. "Don't sound the horn unnecessarily." As a matter of fact, one of the first questions asked in a court when an accident takes place is: "Did you sound the horn?"—and if this can be answered in the affirmative, it is a strong point in your favour. Although you may be a bit of a nuisance to the world at large, it is wiser and safer to sound a warning note of your approach to cross-roads, corners, and other such spots where obstruction may lie in your path, than be stingy in its use because of that advice. Some many years ago I drove from London to Newcastle-on-Tyne on my way to a Scottish Motor Show and sounded the horn only three times on the journey. In fact, I boasted of the event, and was promptly squashed by a well-known and famous driver for what he called my fool's luck in not meeting with trouble. "The courts of law," he said, "have the greatest regard for motorists who blow

the horn" (it was in the days of the bulb horn only); "and don't you ever forget it," he added. And I never have, and do not mean to—as prevention, or at least precaution, is better than cure of a little noise.

Independent Witnesses.

Which also reminds me that the Royal Automobile Club legal committee recently issued advice to motorists to endeavour to obtain the evidence of independent witnesses when stopped by the police and charged with certain offences. This applies with special force to cases in which driving to the common danger is alleged, as in such cases the evidence is often a question of opinion rather than of fact. In the majority of cases defended by the R.A.C. solicitor, either the driver is able to produce only the evidence of another person travelling in the car, or no evidence at all, so that the defence has little opportunity of rebutting the evidence of the prosecution. Now this is a very difficult thing to do, as, unless you hail the passer-by as soon as you pull up, your independent evidence has walked away, and the presence of the policeman collects around you and the car a crowd of people who were not near you at the moment when you stopped. Of course, you can say to the police officer, "Wait here before you talk to me while I get out and collect a few people who saw the occurrence," but he is as anxious for your name and driving license as you are to get rebutting evidence. Moreover, he usually wins in this contest, as if you try to go away he threatens to arrest you. Your only hope is to have a passenger in the car who will at once hop out of it and try and collect your witnesses. "And what a hope!" I can hear you all say. But as prosecutions are now more for driving to the common danger than for exceeding the speed-limit, the R.A.C. are giving excellent advice; but I wish they could tell us how to collect. It would be a welcome New Year's Gift.



READY FOR THEIR MOUNTS, AFTER COMING TO THE MEET BY CAR: MRS. ALLAN PERRINS AND HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, MR. CHARLES F. D. PERRINS.

Our snapshot was taken at a recent meet of the Worcestershire Hounds, of which Mr. A. Jones and Major W. H. Wiggin, D.S.O., are Joint Masters.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

I meet other cars, neither do I expect them to dim or shut off their cars' driving lights. At the same time, when they tic-tac with their lights I do slow down, but I do not expect them to shout abuse at me because I don't "douse the glim," in the language of the docks. Yet I regret to state this is quite a common occurrence. Of course, the legal status of a motor-car on the highway is of the flimsiest character, as practically a cow has greater privileges than a car. In France, any pedestrian who gets run over by any vehicle can be sued for damages for wilfully obstructing the highway. In England, if you run over a dog, its owner stands a good chance of getting damages from you. Consequently, as motorists' legal right to the roads they pay for—and will pay for—is small, it is somewhat trying to one's goodwill to find enemies even among your own kind. I suppose it is all a question of manners: drive so as to cause as little inconvenience to other users as possible with safety. It is for this reason I keep my head-lamps on, because I do not wish to run down the pedestrian or cyclist who may be in front of me, whom I could not possibly see if I put out my lamps at the request of the other motorist. How he expects to be saved from doing what I try to prevent when he dims his lamps I cannot guess. Possibly he does not know the law of the highway as well as I do, or his eyes can pierce the gloom of the unlighted road better than those of most of us. Be that as it may, I do not want him to be inconvenienced, neither do I wish to run the risk of heavy damages by hitting someone else. Consequently I take the lesser of two evils and light my path ahead as brightly as I can.

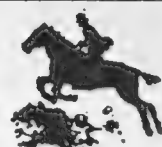


ARRIVING AT A MEET OF THE CHESHIRE HOUNDS BY CAR: MR. A. R. MIDWOOD AND MRS. GEORGE MYTTON.

Mrs. George Mytton, who has been hunting with the Cheshire, is the wife of Colonel George Mytton, of Garth Hall, Welshpool, where a serious fire took place recently. Mr. A. R. Midwood, of Oakmere Hall, Sandiway, Northwich, is a well-known follower of the Cheshire.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]



A Beaufortshire Budget.



"Follow My Leader."

One, two, three, four foxes "put paid to"—and that's quite all that can be said for the Foxham day, the rest being unprintable!

Though the dull time was beguiled by the recital of the giddy doings at the Embassy on the Saturday night—not to say the Sabbath morn! Where have all the Trull foxes gone to? The evening dart, Tuesday, from Tidcomb's Gorse, redeemed matters, and sent the second-horse lot home happy, anyhow. We were all glad to hear Constance Duchess of Westminster is making such a good recovery from her operation. Her small daughter went the living best with the fresh pilot in charge; hence the local "au Masefield" tribute (laurel-leaves forward, please!).

Mary had a Shepherd new
In his pretty coat of blue:
Every "lep" the Shepherd flew
You bet Mary jumped it too!

Lord Worcester's Godson. That same day the small grandson of the Bill Harfords was christened at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; but the godpapa, Lord Worcester, who was very much engaged in conducting the chase, had to be proxied for—and grandpapa of course went hunting instead of to the ceremony! We all hope Master John Harford Williamson will grow up as keen a sportsman and as valiant a thruster. His other grandfather—Lord Forbes—is one of the new peers, and was formerly Sir Archibald Williamson. The important infant is second heir to the title, the Hon. Kenneth Williamson being the elder son.

The Run of the Season.

The day of the week was the Bushton Thursday, and it was the best of the season on that side of the country to date. The Prince was out and going well. Hounds ran off the downs into the vale, and then it became a real smashing hunt all the way to Bynoll—V.W.H. country, of course, for the last two miles, and a lot of their people out, reaping the fun, including Mr. Bert Gordon, who takes some beating over a stiff course; Mrs. Huntriss, who upheld the Anthony riding reputation all right; and Mrs. Barrett, the wife of the famous polo International. Captain Lindsey Shedden had a nasty fall on the top soon after hounds started off from Berwick Gorse, through his horse catching his foot in a rabbit-hole, and he was—*pro tem.*—knocked out. The Prince at once went to his assistance—very appropriately, just after the broadcasted wireless anent his "sportsmanship and sympathy with the unfortunate" which had reached him at Devonshire House the afternoon before!

Grief Galore. As soon as the victim came to, the Prince and others "first-aiding" went on, and luckily caught hounds just as they went down the hill at Clevancy, thanks to those who headed the fox back from the top, then, getting a gallop to remember. Loose horses were to be had for the catching all the way in plenty; and the second hunt, which soon began to tell on the one-horse brigade, brought awful grief. Captain Shedden, already shaken up, came another purler. Hardly anyone got through unscathed.

Cavalry and Gunners were scattered about promiscuously. The young lady from Ireland staying at Spye went like a bird. And that skewbald marvel of a pony from Dauntsey was very creditably steered without mishap over the whole course by Miss Robina Giffard



TO MAKE HER DÉBUT IN JANUARY:
LADY RACHEL HOWARD, ELDEST DAUGHTER
OF THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

Lady Rachel Howard, the eldest daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk, was born in 1905, and will be one of the most important débutantes of 1923. The Duchess is giving a ball for her in January. Our snapshot shows Lady Rachel out with the Crawley and Horsham, when they met recently at Angmering.

Photograph by P.I.C.



AT A MEET OF THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM: LADY KATHERINE HOWARD.

Lady Katherine Howard is the second daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk (who is also Baroness Herries in her own right). She was born in 1912, and is four years younger than her only brother, the young Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Earl, who succeeded his father, the fifteenth Duke, in 1917. Lady Katherine is a keen little sportswoman, and goes out regularly with the Crawley and Horsham.—[Photograph by P.I.C.]

"Pond"-erous Going.

Poor Mr. Equerry galloped at a watery gap that proved to be a four-foot-deep pond! Head over heels they went, out of sight and

under water, but the pace carried them ashore—though they arrived upside down! The heavy going, the stalwart fences, and the pace told their tale with every mile, till at last only a baker's dozen survived to see hounds whipped off at dark near Wootton Bassett Station. The Prince, who had a second horse, was one of the few at the finish. Lord Worcester got through on one, but he was about cooked to a turn. Lady Diana was always in the van. Altogether a red-letter day.

The Prince with the V.W.H.

The Prince tried his luck with Lord Bathurst's on Friday from Charlton, and had a lot of fun and a good ride over the nice country surrounding, though foxes kept jumping up and taking hounds backwards and forwards over foiled ground. Glad to hear Lady Suffolk hopes to hunt after Christmas. Lord Bathurst was in command. The Hon. Evelyn Pierrepont, from The Querns, was out; Major de Freville, Major Gouldsmith, Colonel Gillett, Miss Cripps, Miss Harrison, the Secretary, Mr. E. C. Rankin, Captain Loder, Captain "Mag." Pease (going great guns on one of his 'chasers'), and a lot of the ducal crowd, including Captain Keith Menzies, Major Batten, Major Little, Major Ritchie, and heaps more. There was "some" competition over fences and timber at times; and sundry dissolutions of partnership, too!

Christmas Parties.

Christmas parties are now upon us; some being children's with a dash of grown-up, others grown-up with a dash of children. The Brasseys, Popes (of Ashwicke), Morrison-Bells, Morleys, Mrs. Hasler (of Newnton House), and lots of others with families to amuse, are indulging them thus. Other parties for the adult section will follow thick and fast after Christmas. The Hunt Ball is fixed for January 11, at Chippenham Town Hall, and the local squadron of the Wilts Yeomanry have one the following night, which many of the house-parties assembled are expected to patronise. And there's to be a private subscription one on December 29 at Westonbirt House "in aid of" the village recreation room—which is sure to be a success with such a setting.

A Fashion Note.

We're still short of a whip, and Captain Kingscote did a turn of duty on Saturday. Crowds of strangers, as well as all the *habitués*. They got a gallop at last, in the pleasant Norton-Foxley bit of country. Master did a priceless bit of timber-topping out of a road—the most solid bit of woodwork imaginable it looked! That was all the rest did, anyhow! The night scurry to Hullavington from Foxley was also good fun.

A Seasonable Suggestion.

The Christmas present problem is well solved, for those who missed them end of last season, by a gift of a copy of the caricatures of the hunt, by Lady Diana Somerset, of which a few may be still obtained from Messrs. Jeffries, Baldwin Street, Bristol. But it was the unpublished numbers, so a little bird twitters, that really caused the largest smiles at privileged "private views."



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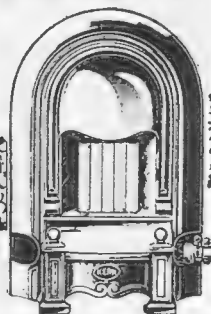
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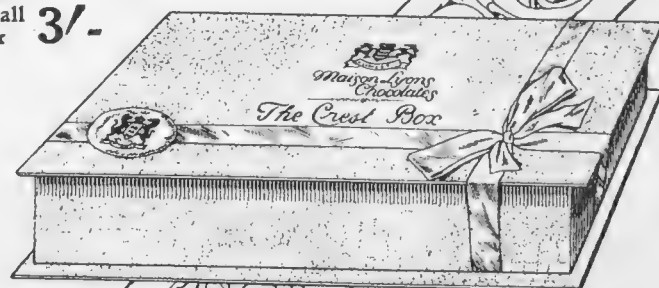


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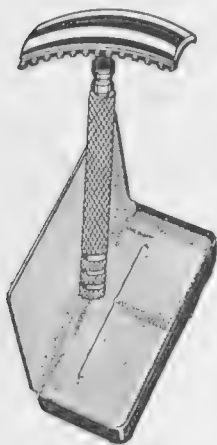
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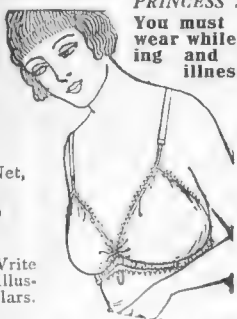
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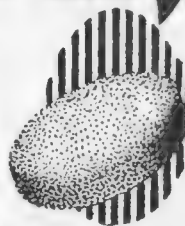
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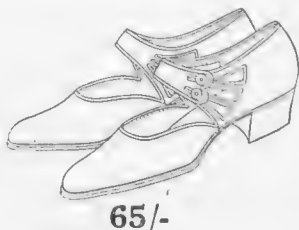
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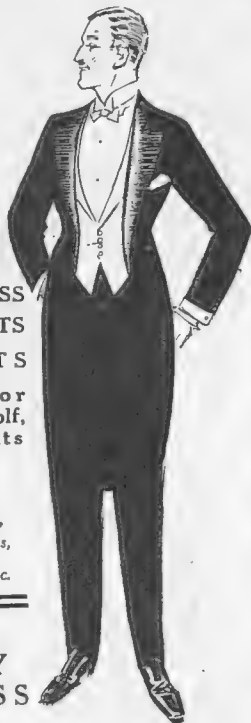
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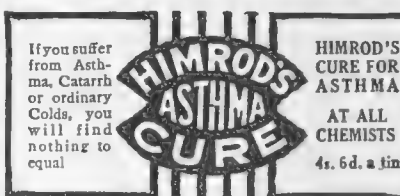


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- (3) Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
- (4) Drawings must be bold in their lines, and the dress must be in a strong, flat red, with fainter red for flesh colouring. A multiplicity of lines is to be avoided.
- (5) The drawing must be of a female figure representing *The Sketch*, and should be so designed as to suggest the policy of that paper—the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.
- (6) Costume and coiffure must be such that they will not become "dated"; that is to say, they must not conform so strictly to the fashion of the day that they will become out of date.
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Knitted Jumper (as sketch) made in a beautiful quality artificial silk, most becoming model for a full figure. In a good range of colours. Usual price 94/-, Sale Price **42/-** Cannot be sent on approval or post orders accepted.

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OVERCOAT, 35/-; SUIT, 45/-; LADY'S COSTUME, 50/-;

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WOMAN'S WAYS

By Mabel Howard



Beaver-coloured velours is the material chosen by Goodbrook's, 8, Hanover Street, for this fashionably cut walking suit.

Beaver velour is used for the exceedingly smart walking suit in the left-hand top corner. The collar and cuffs are of pulled coney, and 9 guineas is the price. Paris model suits may be had from 6 guineas; coat-frocks, too, can be obtained at this figure; and tweed costumes from 8 guineas. During the sale there will be a 10 per cent. reduction on all garments made to order; 5½ guineas is the price of a delightful suit in which the coat is half-length in front, and more than three-quarter length at the back. It is beltless and semi-fitting, and stitched with copper-wire silk. A plain-cut skirt with a stitched belt forms the complement.

At all times a visit to Nigel's is an interesting event, for in the artistic salons at 41, New Bond Street, there is always something charming and original to be seen—the coat-frock and cape-suit, and the evening dress sketched on this page are two examples of their faultless style. At

A lovely evening gown of peach-shot gold tissue. It is sheltering in the salons of Nigel, Ltd., 41, New Bond Street.

"Sale!" The word "sale" is really the war-cry of the modern woman. No shipwrecked

sailor ever uttered it with more fervour! While to him it would merely mean safety, to her it spells bargains, in capital letters—and is there anything more thrilling to the feminine mind than an undeniable bargain? The after-season sales will almost all open with the New Year, and it is quite unnecessary to urge anyone worthy of the name of woman to take advantage of the remarkable reduction in prices which will prevail throughout the month.

Tailored Suits. Only a week is allowed by Goodbrook's, 8, Hanover Street, for their sale, so that no one must miss this opportunity, during the first days of January, of securing some of their excellent creations at a moderate price.

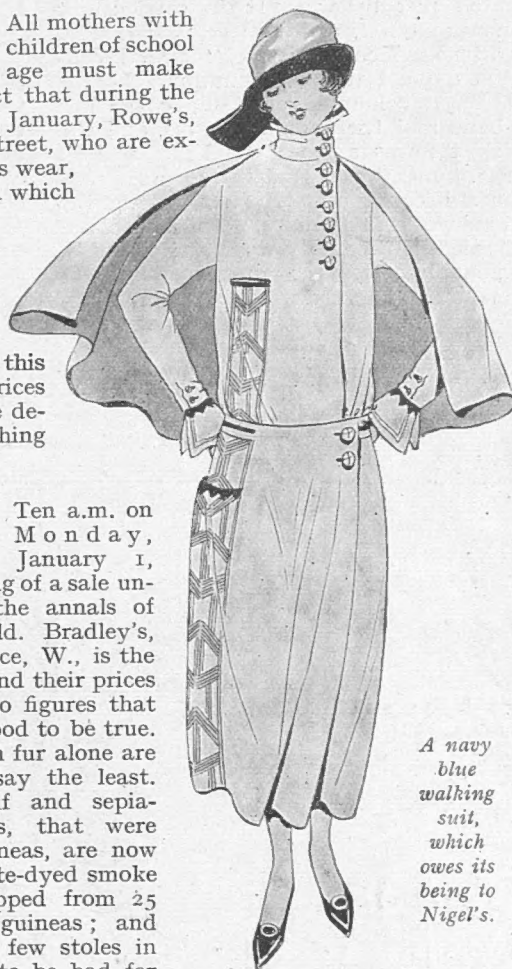


the present moment, however, their premises are more delightful than usual, for a notable sale is in progress, and many attractive models may be secured at moderate prices.

Gold tissue, shot with a soft peach shade, makes the lovely evening gown, which is decorated with bands of real mink. Turquoise blue appears in the Egyptian motif across the hips, and the effective little cape, gathered at the back, is a permanent feature, so that the cord attachment in front is only a charming snare and delusion! The price is 18½ guineas. "Trot" is the name of the navy-blue tricot-de-laine walking suit on the right. The decoration is effected by lines of stitching, and the cape in this case really is detachable. Many original Paris models have been reduced from 35 to 18 guineas, and other prices are cut in proportion.

A Three Days' Opportunity.

All mothers with children of school age must make a note of the fact that during the first three days of January, Rowe's, 105, New Bond Street, who are experts in children's wear, will hold a sale in which all prices will be extensively cut. It is a unique opportunity of securing the splendid school outfits for which this firm is noted, at prices that can only be described as astonishing in their modesty.



A navy blue walking suit, which owes its being to Nigel's.

A Record in Sales.

Ten a.m. on Monday, January 1, marks the opening of a sale unprecedented in the annals of the shopping world. Bradley's, of Chepstow Place, W., is the scene of action, and their prices will be reduced to figures that are almost too good to be true. The reductions in fur alone are remarkable, to say the least. Sable-dyed wolf and sepia-dyed fox stoles, that were originally 12 guineas, are now 5½ guineas; white-dyed smoke foxes have dropped from 25 guineas to 15 guineas; and there are even a few stoles in this lovely skin to be had for 9 guineas. The quality of Bradley's furs is known all over the world, and this sale offers an unparalleled opportunity to the bargain-hunter. A model ermine wrap may be secured for 45 guineas, while a wonderful coat in mole and grey squirrel, which was 152 guineas during the season, may be purchased for 75 guineas. Similar reductions prevail in all departments.

Perfect Cut.

The Kenneth Durward cut is unmistakable. There is a distinction about every garment produced by this expert on style; and those who dream of beautifully tailored suits or coats at moderate prices should pay a visit to Ulster House, Conduit Street, early in the New Year, during the sale. The tailor-made costumes which are the speciality of this establishment can be had from 7 guineas, and overcoats from 6 guineas. All goods made to order are less expensive at this time, and a special value in bargains is the lined cape-coat in waterproof West of England cloth, which is priced at 9 guineas.

Oliver Howard

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Variety of Dresses.

According to custom, sale prices will hold sway at Gooch's, Brompton Road, during the first fortnight in the New Year. Visitors there should not miss the remarkable bargains offered in the gown department. Coat-frocks in grey or navy-blue chiffon serge can be had for 25s., and there are a few frocks marked at a guinea. An original model afternoon dress in swathed mole-coloured silk duvetyne has been reduced from 32 to 8 guineas; a black velvet tea-frock trimmed with cerise corded silk costs 79s. 6d.—a considerable drop from 12½ guineas; and an evening gown of hand-made black lace over soft layers of net and chiffon has been reduced from 35 guineas to 10.

Line and Colour. No one with an eye for beauty of line could resist the exquisite drapery of the lovely frock from Ecirum, 43, South Molton Street, illustrated just below. It is carried out in a new material, an effective variation of silver tissue, which consists of metal thread-work on a matt tissue foundation. Leaves of hydrangea-coloured velvet make the low waist-band and the shoulder-straps, and the wrap skirt forms a loose panel on the left. When it is mentioned that there is a twenty-per-cent. discount off all prices during the first three weeks in January, it will be realised that "sale" is no empty word at Ecirum's. A fashionably-cut nigger-brown coat-frock of wool marocain, adorned with silk embroidery,



Silver tissue and hydrangea-coloured velvet make this lovely gown, which hails from Ecirum's, 43, South Molton Street.

has been also reduced from 16 guineas to 10, and lovely brocade evening frocks may be had from 8 guineas.

A Versatile Designer.

Besides being responsible for the cinnamon-coloured crêpe-de-Chine dance frock sketched on the right, this enterprising designer remodels gowns, makes up materials in the most artistic manner, and—a very special feature, this—has organised the delightful "My Maid" service, of which everyone who dispenses with the help of a lady's maid should take advantage. Gowns can be cleaned and dyed, linings renewed, and a hundred-and-one small alterations carried out quickly and satisfactorily. The charges are far from exorbitant, and all interested in the subject should send for her catalogue, which contains particulars of the "My Maid" service, as well as illustrations and prices of many of her creations.

Bargains in Furs.

Now that Christmas is over, it is high time to consider the purchase of something for oneself if, as often happens, one has temporarily forgotten it in the excitement of buying presents for others. If it is a question of fur coats, it is important to notice that the



An electric seal coat with a shunk collar, for which the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, are responsible. The kitt fox stole is another of their charming productions.

City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, are holding their annual sale in January, during which the lovely electric seal coat with the shunk collar sketched on this page is actually priced at 29 guineas; 18 guineas secures the beautiful kitt fox stole; while magnificent natural shunk stoles may be had from 9½ guineas. Sable marmot coats cost 28 guineas; and full particulars will be found in the January Sale Bargain List, which will be sent free on application.

Belated Presents.

New Year is a boon to the absent-minded. If one has forgotten to give a present to someone who, in their turn, has unfortunately not forgotten, the New Year is an excellent time to make up for the omission—especially if one can claim Scotch descent, in which case, of course, New Year is the traditional time for gifts. The belated present-giver should visit Mme. Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, where she will find an excellent sale in progress. Walking suits, coat-frocks, and day and evening gowns, all bearing the distinctive touch that Mme. Barri knows how to impart, will be found in the salons, at greatly reduced prices.



Her pretty dance frock is of cinnamon-coloured crêpe-de-Chine, decorated with lace and shaded flowers. From "Lilla's," 55, High Street, Clapham.

Waterproofs at Pleasant Prices.

A splendid opportunity to secure good value in rain-coats is offered by the January sale held at Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street. The feather-weight waterproof coat, for which the firm is famous, is reduced to 3½ guineas. This wonderful little mackintosh may be had in a variety of shades, and is of stormproof silk. It is, as the name implies, the last word in lightness, and can be packed into a small mackintosh envelope provided with it. Serviceable West of England rain-coats are to be had at half-price, and there are even some guaranteed waterproofs priced at a guinea. A thirty-three per cent. cut prevails among the prices of a number of warm tweed wraps.

For Tired Skins. Many of us are still feeling the effect of the rush of Christmas shopping. There is no doubt that the season's festivities, however enjoyable, are a great tax on energy, and few things are more injurious to health, and consequently appearance, than over-fatigue. Those whose complexions proclaim the need for a little rejuvenation and rest must visit Mrs. Pomeroy's delightful salons at 29, Old Bond Street, for face massage. There is nothing more refreshing to tired nerves. There are various processes, according to the requirements of the individual—wrinkle massage, contour massage, and an excellent massage for double chins which breaks up the fat cells. The price is 10s. 6d. for one massage, or £2 12s. 6d. for six.

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HEALTH
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THROUGHOUT THE
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